

# THE CRITIC

OF

LITERATURE, ART, SCIENCE, AND THE DRAMA;  
A GUIDE FOR THE LIBRARY AND BOOK-CLUB.

VOL. I. No. 13.]

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## ADVERTISEMENTS.

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I. Agricultural Chemistry.—II. Earthquakes.—III. Electricity of the Earth.—IV. Mines and Mining in Spain.—V. Variations of the Magnetic Needle.—VI. Civilization of South America.—VII. Buenos Ayres and Monte Video.—VIII. French Porcelain.—IX. Exhibition of the Royal Botanical Society.—X. Literary and Scientific Societies.—XI. Reviews; the Drama; Miscellaneous, &c.  
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cipal of a respectable Establishment at Bonn, on the Rhine, formed in 1833, on purely domestic principles, for the limited number of Twenty Young Gentlemen, has a FEW VACANCIES, and begs to recommend it to the attention of Parents, as combining the advantages of English superintendence on the Continent, the Comforts of a Home, and where the Pupils, always obliged to speak German or French under constant superintendence, make rapid progress in these Languages, whilst being prepared either for the Military Schools, the Universities, or Mercantile Pursuits. The Principal's Address, and his Prospectus, with the best References confirmatory of the above, may be had of Mr. Hookham, Library, Old Bond-street.

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## THE CRITIC.

## NOTICE.

A PORTFOLIO, on a convenient plan, for preserving the numbers of THE CRITIC, during the progress of the volumes, is now ready, and may be had at the Office, by order of any bookseller in the country, price 5s.

THE CRITIC will be supplied for Six Months, by post, to any person forwarding six shillings' worth of penny postage stamps to the Office.

## TO AUTHORS.

THE CRITIC has adopted the novel and interesting plan of reviewing unpublished MSS., for the purpose of enabling authors unknown to fame to take the opinion of the public and of the booksellers upon the merits and probabilities of success for their works, previously to incurring the cost of publication. For this purpose, the following rules are to be observed.

The author is requested to make a brief outline of the contents of his work and transmit it to us, with the MS. (or such portions as he may deem to be fair specimens of it), from which we may select the extracts for our columns. All MSS. so submitted to us will be carefully preserved, and returned, as the author may direct, so soon as we have done with them.

It may be as well here to observe that religious and political treatises must be excluded from this portion of THE CRITIC.

## TO READERS.

SINCE last we addressed our readers a very large addition has been made to the list of subscribers. There is now not a town, and scarcely a village, in the United Kingdom to which the circulation of THE CRITIC does not extend. The greater portion of the keepers of circulating libraries have adopted it as their guide in the selection of the books for their shelves; there are not a few Book-Clubs whose orders are regulated by its recommendations, and the country booksellers have made it their circular as a source of information for themselves and to aid their customers in purchases. In a few days the list of its subscribers will be published, and will prove that this is not a boast but a reality.

This powerful position, which THE CRITIC has succeeded in obtaining ere the close of the first year of its existence, is due entirely to the confidence felt by its subscribers in the stern independence of its judgments, and that character it will continue steadily to deserve.

But success demands corresponding exertions on our part to deserve a continuance of it. Suggestions have been received from many friendly quarters, to all of which attention has been given, and some of these recommendations will be adopted as occasion offers. Here is one.

The first volume has nearly reached its close, and we purpose to avail ourselves of the opportunity afforded by the commencement of a new one, to introduce some of the improvements which subscribers have urged upon us.

The size of THE CRITIC has been objected to as too journal-like for a work purely literary, and which is to be read as a book, not skimmed over like a newspaper.

We feel the force of the objection; and accordingly it is our intention to begin the new volume in a more convenient shape. Instead of 16 pages of folio, as at present, we shall make each number to consist of 32 pages of a very large octavo, the outside leaves of which will be devoted to the advertisements and matter of merely temporary interest, and removed in binding, so that the materials for reading will be preserved in a continuous form in the

volumes, which will be a valuable and interesting addition to the library.

By this change there will be a very considerable increase of quantity given to the reader, without any increase of charge; the price of the numbers continuing as at present.

The improvement in form will, we trust, be attended with improvements in substance; and by degrees THE CRITIC hopes to enlist in the ranks of its contributors the best writers of the day. But this is necessarily a work of time, and such an improvement must be of slow growth.

The ultimate design of THE CRITIC, when it shall attain maturity, has been already avowed. We trust we shall be making a satisfactory step towards that design by the change of form and extension of its pages announced above.

## LITERATURE.

## HISTORY.

*The Lord and the Vassal; a familiar Exposition of the Feudal System in the Middle Ages; with its Causes and Consequences.* London, 1844. Parker.

A HISTORY of the Feudal System, upon which is based the entire fabric of modern civilization, would be a theme worthy of the devotion of a life. But it would demand for its satisfactory accomplishment a combination of talents such as rarely meet in one man; the patient industry of the antiquary; the shrewdness of the lawyer in the investigation of evidence; the profound and reflective genius of the philosopher; the graphic power of the novelist; the eloquence of the orator. Guizot's famous lectures, which have been largely consulted in the book now under review, possess many of these qualifications; but they too obviously use facts merely to support a theory to permit any reliance upon them as history, though a delightful specimen of the application of history to philosophy.

This little volume, which forms one of a series of cheap publications commenced by Mr. Parker, will be found a very useful manual on the subject of Feudalism. But as definitions are essential to a right understanding of any topic, it may be as well to cite that given in the volume before us of

## THE FEUDAL SYSTEM.

"The Feudal System was a state of things in which the greater portion of a kingdom or country was parcelled out on certain conditions among powerful nobles; the king receiving from the nobles a recognition of his sovereignty, and as much personal service as he was able to exact or they chose to bestow; while the nobles themselves exercised nearly all the privileges of sovereigns over the people resident on their territories; so that, practically, so far as the great mass of inhabitants was concerned, the country contained a number of petty kings, each king being surrounded by his little band of subjects.

"It would be difficult to define with precision the time when this system was in force; but it may be convenient to indicate the year A.D. 1000 as a central point, when the system was in greatest vigour; the events of several centuries having contributed to the attainment of that point, and the progress of decay extending over several centuries subsequent to it. As to the locality in which this system was developed, all the countries of Europe previously occupied by the Romans became more or less subject to its influence; but France was perhaps the principal in this respect, followed in a greater or less degree by Germany, Britain, Italy, and Spain. In Russia, the feudal system continues in operation to the present day."

The first chapter is devoted to a sketch of the state of Europe before the feudal times; thence the author proceeds to describe the establishment and diffusion of the feudal system; the nature of feudalism; the gradations of rank resulting from it; its operation upon legislative and judicial proceedings—upon religion, morals, education, and commerce.

He passes next to the Decline of Feudalism, as it was influenced by the rise of municipal institutions,—by the Crusades,—by improvements in the laws,—by constitutional government,—and by kingly power. He concludes

with a chapter devoted to a review of the effects of feudalism on society, and from this we will make our illustrative extracts.

## ENLISTMENT IN FEUDAL TIMES.

"When the feudal society became tolerably fixed, the usages, sentiments, and circumstances of every kind which accompanied the admission of a young man into the rank of a vassal soldier, came under the empire of two influences, which did not fail to impress a new character on the ceremony. These were religion and imagination. When the ceremony was about to be performed, the young man put off his clothes and entered a bath, as a symbol of purification; he then put on a white garment, as a symbol of purity; next a red one, as a symbol of the blood which he was ready to shed in the service of his suzerain; and lastly, a black one, as a symbol of the death which he was prepared to expect and to meet. He then went through a rigorous fast for twenty-four hours, and passed the ensuing night in a church or chapel, engaged in prayer either by himself, or with priests. On the morrow, being the great day of the ceremony, he confessed, then received the sacrament from a priest, then assisted at mass, and then listened to a sermon on the duties of chevaliers to their superior and to each other. He then approached the altar and kneeled down; the priest blessed the sword; and the lord of the castle, after a few words of introduction, invested the young man with the sword. Then the other chevaliers, and sometimes the ladies of the castle, assisted in putting on him the various pieces of armour consistent with the martial usages of the time. The seigneur then gave the 'accolade,' or three blows with the flat of the sword on the shoulder of the young chevalier, saying at the same time, 'In the name of God, of St. Michael, and of St. George, I dub thee chevalier;' adding sometimes, 'Be virtuous, bold, and loyal.' The chevalier then mounted a horse (which he endeavoured to do by a single spring, without the aid of stirrups), and caracolled to and fro before those assembled, brandishing his sword and lance, and going through sundry evolutions. He then went to the court-yard of the castle, and exhibited himself to all the inferior vassals and retainers."

The oath of the chevalier exhibits the sources of many modern customs.

## THE KNIGHT'S VOW.

"The chevalier was required solemnly to swear:—  
"That he would fear, reverence, and serve God religiously, combat for the faith with all good will, and rather die a thousand deaths than renounce Christianity.

"That he would serve his sovereign prince faithfully, and fight for him and his country valorously.

"That he would sustain the rights of the feeble, such as widows, orphans, and virgins, by hazarding his life in their service; provided he could do so consistently with his own honour, and with his duty towards his sovereign, or superior.

"That he would not maliciously offend any one, nor appropriate the property of others; but would rather combat against those who did so.

"That he would be incited to good actions—not by the hope of reward, or gain, or profit—but for glory and virtue alone.

"That he would fight for the general welfare of all.

"That he would be obedient to the orders of the generals or leaders who might have command over him.

"That he would guard the honour, the rank, and the order of his companions in arms.

"That he would never fight against a man at unfair odds, and that he would shun meanness and deceit.

"That he would never carry more than one sword, unless he were forced to combat against two or more opponents.

"That in any tournament or pleasure-combat, he would not avail himself of the point of his sword.

"That he would keep faith inviolably to every one, especially to his companions, whose honour he would also defend in their absence.

"That he and other chevaliers would love and honour one another, and give mutual aid and protection whenever needed.

"That having made a vow or promise to engage on any enterprise, he would remain in arms continually, except for nightly repose.

"That in pursuit of any enterprise, he would not shun perilous routes, nor turn out of the high road to avoid chevaliers, or monsters, or savage beasts, or any other impediment which the person and courage of one man might fairly encounter.

"That he would never accept a reward or pension from a foreign prince.

"That if he were placed to guard a woman, he would serve and protect her from all danger and insult, at the hazard of his life.

"That he would respect the honour of women taken by the fortune of war.

"That he would never refuse to fight a man who might challenge him.

"That if he had made a vow to acquire honour by



military exploits, he would not quit the scene of strife till he had achieved it.

"That he would faithfully observe his word and pledged honour; and that, being taken prisoner in fair warfare, he would pay punctually the promised ransom, or else return again to captivity at the expiration of a given time, on pain of being branded as infamous and perjured."

The effects of feudalism on the Fine Arts, commerce, and science are thus succinctly stated.

#### EFFECTS OF FEUDALISM.

"The fine arts, and the arts which minister to the luxuries and pleasures of life, were probably advanced rather than retarded by the feudal system. A proud and influential baron, as soon as the gradual changes in the usages of society had rendered war a less constant occupation that it had previously been, would naturally collect around him the elegancies and refinements of his time. The advancement of ecclesiastical architecture was doubtless the work of pious kings and powerful religious bodies, who munificently rewarded the services of those who built churches, abbeys, cathedrals, and such like structures; and the advancement of the arts of painting and sculpture in Italy was greatly due to the liberality and enlightenment of princely merchants, who had raised himself to wealth and power, not by feudal privileges, by commercial traffic; but in most of the other countries of Europe, the feudal nobles were one means of preserving and transmitting a taste for the elegancies of life.

"On the other hand, commerce does not seem to owe much to feudalism. The two are imbued with a totally different spirit. Commerce is diffusive; feudalism exclusive. Commerce tends to lessen distinctions of rank in society; feudalism strengthens them. Commerce tends to make the earth one great nation; feudalism breaks it up into an indefinite number of petty nations. Commerce seeks to discover new countries, new seas, new channels of communication; feudalism knows little and cares little for what occurs beyond its own limited circle. The rise of the Italian cities, such as Venice, Genoa, Pisa, and Florence, took place in direct opposition to the wishes and plans of the feudal barons. Yet even here feudalism appears to have performed a part which could not well have been spared. The monarchs aided the inhabitants of the towns to gain independent power, as a means of curbing the nobles; but this aid would probably not have been given, had not the nobles possessed power; so that here again we find the three great powers of a kingdom mutually tending to balance each other.

"In science, in education, in the mechanical arts, the genius of feudalism does not display itself favourably. The incessant friction in society, which we experience in modern times, induces men to compare themselves with one another, to learn from one another to copy, to imitate, to assist each other to form new wants, and to devise means for satisfying those wants, to make use of the discoveries or inventions of other men, and endeavour to improve upon them. All this is very foreign to the spirit which pervades the feudal system; although the latter may have been a necessary stage in the advancement towards present usages, yet it could not have acted otherwise than as a bar and hindrance, had it continued to remain powerful."

Yet is this the system which some dreamers are desirous of restoring. But they must first drag the world backwards, and it would be as hopeful a task to try to revive time itself as to restore a system of society which has perished with the time.

#### BIOGRAPHY.

*A Selection from the Speeches and Writings of the late Lord King.* Edited by Earl Fortescue. London, 1844. Longman and Co.

THE nobleman to whose memory this volume is a better monument than marble, was the great-grandson of Lord-Chancellor King, who was the nephew and ward of the famous philosopher John Locke, and the brave spirit of the author of the *Essay on the Human Understanding*, in fearlessly avowing that which he believed to be true, in the face of prejudice and in defiance of faction, pre-eminently distinguished the public life of Lord King. He was born in 1775, and at a very early age was remarkable for depth of thought, keenness in detecting fallacies, devotedness to the pursuit of truth, contempt for the shams and unmeaning formulas by which the world permits even its perceptions to be coloured, and boldness in

declaring his opinions, even though they chanced in some particulars not to fall in with the prevailing fashion of the times.

At Eton he preserved the same independent character, and there it was that the friendship was first formed with the noble editor of this volume which continued undisturbed until severed by death. The attachment of congenial minds was afterwards cemented by a family union, Lord King, in 1804, allying himself in marriage with Lady Hester Fortescue, the sister of his friend.

With such tastes, Lord King, of course, looked anxiously forward to a seat in the Legislature, where full scope would be found for their exercise. He would have preferred the House of Commons, as a better field for talent, a more exciting arena for a debater, and he laboured hard by reading, by thought, and by travel, to fit himself for the important duties of a senator.

The death of his father, while he was yet in his minority, closed to him the doors of the popular branch of the Legislature, and it was no small disappointment to him that he was not enabled to serve an apprenticeship to legislation in the Lower House, before taking his seat in the cooler atmosphere of the Lords.

He delivered his first speech in that august assembly in the year 1800, on occasion of a motion by Lord Holland, relating to the expedition to the Helder. His principles were those of the Liberal Whigs, and they were consistently maintained from that first address to the last, which was called forth by a debate on church reform in 1833, and which preceded his death but by a few weeks. The interval was diligently employed in one unwearied unvarying effort to diffuse the spirit of free institutions, and to advance liberal principles of government, both by his admirable expositions of them in his speeches, and by the support of all measures having that tendency.

But Lord King was not a party man, that is to say, he did not bind himself hand and foot to a party, to speak and vote at its will; he maintained a stern independence, examining every subject for himself, and aiding nothing of the advantages of which he was not fully satisfied. His principles generally led him to side with the Whigs, but he did not hesitate to vote with Tory or Radical when he believed that either was in the right.

It would be impossible to detail all the subjects to which he gave his attention during his career as a legislator; there is scarcely one of magnitude upon which he did not address the House, always with good sense, and conveying a large amount of accurate information, brought to bear upon close, weighty reasoning.

At the earlier part of his career, the established authorities were not so tolerant of liberal opinions as necessity and adversity have since combined to make them. To find fault with any existing institution, was then to subject the innovator to a torrent of abuse which few had the courage to endure. Lord King came in for his full share of mire flung from foul hands both in and out of Parliament. But he heeded not; he went on in his own way, telling the truth, proclaiming the principle, assured that, sooner or later, men would see their folly.

He lived just long enough to witness and to share the triumph of the principles he had cherished and promoted, but not long enough to see the falling back of the people from the advanced ground they then appeared to have taken. He died with the name of liberty on his lips, and with a genuine love of her in his heart.

He had deeply studied the science of political economy, and therefore was a free-trader to the full extent of the name. He paid special attention to the intricate subject of the currency, upon which his views squared precisely with those lately acted upon by Sir Robert Peel. When the Government, in 1811,

introduced the Bank Restriction Act, which released the Bank from the obligation to pay in gold, Lord King strenuously opposed the measure as a national robbery, which nothing but actual bankruptcy could justify. In defiance of the then Government, he ordered his tenants to pay their rents in gold; and his vindication of this daring step was one of the most able of his speeches.

He was the foe of monopoly in every shape; and, from the first moment to the last, he protested against a corn-law.

He was the unflinching advocate of religious liberty, and an unwearied supporter of church reform.

To the literary world he was known as the author of the *Life of John Locke*, in the preparation of which he was aided by the diaries, correspondence, and manuscripts of the philosopher, of which many chests-full are in the possession of his family. It is well known as a standard library book.

No extracts from a volume so desultory in its nature as this could convey any just notion of the value of its contents. We therefore will confine our selections to two or three passages which illustrate some of the characteristics of the mind we have sketched.

#### CAUSES OF DISTRESS.

"Government would break the compact if they could. They would willingly abandon this mode of taxing for one which would work more easily and with better effect. But it was said, how is it possible to obtain high taxes without high prices? To his he would answer, that high taxes could be paid with much greater ease, if the high prices were got rid of; for the Corn-Laws formed a grievous addition to the other burdens of the country, and if the public had not to pay so dear for corn, the weight of the other taxes would be more easily borne. This dead weight thrown on the first necessary of life, reminded him of an awkward method which had been resorted to in its production. A practice, it was said, once prevailed in Ireland, of fastening the plough to the horse's tail, and in that way making him drag it along. Perhaps the noble Earl opposite (Lord Limerick) would stand up in defence of that ancient and venerable practice; but he would advise the noble Earl to consider the difference between a field ploughed by the miserable Irish horse of antiquity, with the plough at his tail, and another ploughed by a well-harnessed and a well-fed horse, who could put his shoulder to the work. If he looked well to this point, he would find that the horse yoked as horses were elsewhere, ploughed with great ease, six inches deep, while the jaded animal with the plough at his tail could barely scratch the ground. Now, it was precisely the same thing with the Corn-Laws. Like the plough at the horse's tail they were a dead weight on the public, and damped the energies of the country. If their lordships were really desirous that it should be enabled to support a great amount of taxation, they would lose no time in repealing those laws."

The following passage condenses the entire

#### PRINCIPLES OF COMMERCE.

"As the exchange of the produce of the industry of the towns and that of the country is highly necessary and advantageous to both, so in a more extended sense it is most highly advantageous to exchange the produce of the industry of different countries, which have made very unequal advances in wealth and population. If the inhabitants of a town were to determine to grow their provisions within the narrow precincts surrounding their walls, applying the power of steam-engines to raise water for irrigation, and thus forcing nature, at an immense expense, to increase the produce of their immediate territory, every one would allow the folly of that attempt; but in the case here supposed, the absurdity is of the same kind, differing only in degree from that impolicy by which a nation determines to force the production of the raw material and food in its own soil. The more wealthy and populous, the greater the absurdity of the attempt; and as no power could possibly confine capital to the town which so abused its resources, so in its degree capital will tend to quit the nation which pursues the same impolitic course. The first is an extreme case. The absurdity of the second instance depends on the degree to which the mischief is felt by the whole community at large, exactly in proportion as such bad policy prevails. A populous and manufacturing nation naturally exchanges its wrought produce for the raw produce and food raised at a cheaper rate with far less expense of labour in less populous countries and on more fertile lands. The manufactured goods are sent in return for commodities of another nature, and the payment for the manufactured produce can only be made by exchanging raw produce and food. As it is clearly the interest of the

manufacturing nation to obtain its supply of raw produce at the cheapest rate, so it is equally clear that the attempts both to produce the raw material and food within itself, and also to export its manufactured produce to the less populous countries, is an impossible attempt. It would suppose that the same nation could always sell and never buy. The protecting duties by which certain manufactures and certain descriptions of produce are unnaturally forced are universally prejudicial to the great general interests of the whole community. They are advantages given to the few at the expense of the many. The real interests of the great body of consumers is sacrificed to the gain of comparatively a few producers."

We might quote other memorable sayings on other subjects; but we fear to trench upon themes which, unhappily for the country, are made the watchwords of party, instead of being discussed on their own merits, with a sincere desire to find the truth; so we must conclude with cordially recommending this volume to the reader as one peculiarly adapted for the book-club.

#### VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

*Excursions through the Slave States, from Washington, on the Potomac, to the Frontier of Mexico; with Sketches of Popular Manners and Geological Notices.* By C. W. FEATHERSTONHAUGH, F.R.S., F.G.S. In two vols. London, 1844. Murray.

The name of the author of these volumes is familiar to the newspaper-reading public for his reports on the now happily-settled Canada boundary question. The travels, whose reminiscences he here records, were performed so long ago as 1834-35. In consequence of the freedom with which he had spoken of persons and things in the States, where he was then residing, he was advised not to publish till after his return to England. His appointment as a commissioner upon the boundary question delayed that return, and consequently the publication of his tour, until the present moment.

Although, perhaps, there can be little material alteration during the interval, it is the unfortunate consequence of the delay that the reader complains of a want of freshness in these volumes, because he is conscious that most of the subjects have been handled a dozen times by later tourists. The author traversed half the States, his business being geological research, and when he departs from the highways we forget how long since it was, in the ever-during freshness of nature; it is only when he goes among men that we feel what a change ten years must have made anywhere, but especially in America, where cities grow up in a twelvemonth, and a desert is peopled in seven summers.

Still, this is a very readable publication; for Mr. FEATHERSTONHAUGH has the happy art of telling a good story and making the drier subjects agreeable by his pleasant manner of treating them. He has a keen eye for the ridiculous, and carries off a character with a scratch of his pen. His very whimsies give an interest to his narrative; for they individualize it; and there is much more attraction in the perusal of a description of any place, as the author saw it, than in the most accurate daguerreotype transcript of the very place itself. Mr. FEATHERSTONHAUGH carried across the Atlantic all his English prejudices, and could see nothing but through English spectacles. Evidently he hates Brother Jonathan so cordially that he can scarcely find any good in him or his; and it not unfrequently happens that there is really no other cause for his sneers or complaints than that the object of them is not like that to which he has been accustomed.

The reader will gather from these remarks that we deem the *Excursion in America*, if an amusing, not very trustworthy book, because wanting in impartiality. With this reservation, we cannot but commend the composition as a model of tour-writing, and a few passages will prove it to be worthy of further investigation.

There is no boundary to human ingenuity, when stimulated by the prospect of gain. What a trade is that of

#### RUNNING NEGROES.

"Among other modes of getting a livelihood in the Southern States, that of 'running negroes' is practised by a class of fellows who are united in a fraternity for the purpose of carrying on the business, and for protecting each other in time of danger. If one of them falls under the notice of the law, and is committed to take his trial, some of the fraternity benevolently contrive, 'somehow or other,' to get upon the jury, or kindly become his bail. To 'run a negro,' it is necessary to have a good understanding with an intelligent male slave on some plantation; and if he is a mechanic, he is always the more valuable. At a time agreed upon, the slave runs away from his master's premises, and joins the man who has instigated him to do it; they then proceed to some quarter where they are not known, and the negro is sold for seven or eight hundred dollars or more to a new master. A few days after the money has been paid, he runs away again, and is sold a second time; and as oft as the trick can be played with any hope of safety. The negro who does the harlequinade part of the manoeuvre has an agreement with his friend, in virtue of which he supposes he is to receive part of the money; but the poor devil in the end is sure to be cheated; and when he becomes dangerous to the fraternity, is, as I have been well assured, first enjoined and put off his guard, and then, on crossing some river or reaching some secret place, shot, before he suspects their intention, or otherwise made away with."

Here is a graphic picture of

#### SLAVE-DRIVERS IN AMERICA.

"Just as we reached New River, in the early grey of the morning, we came up with a singular spectacle, the most striking one of the kind I have ever witnessed. It was a camp of negro slave-drivers, just packing up to start; they had about 300 slaves with them, who had bivouacked the preceding night in chains in the woods; these they were conducting to Natchez, upon the Mississippi river, to work upon the sugar plantations in Louisiana. It resembled one of those coffles of slaves spoken of by Mungo Park, except that they had a caravan of nine waggon and single-horse carriages, for the purpose of conducting the white people, and any of the blacks that should fall lame, to which they were now putting the horses to pursue their march. The female slaves were, some of them, sitting on logs of wood, whilst others were standing, and a great many little black children were warming themselves at the fires of the bivouac. In front of them all, and prepared for the march, stood in double files, about 200 male slaves, manacled and chained to each other. I had never seen so revolting a sight before. Black men in fetters, torn from the lands where they were born, from the ties they had formed, and from the comparatively easy condition which agricultural labour affords, and driven by white men, with liberty and equality in their mouths, to a distant and unhealthy country, to perish in the sugar-mills of Louisiana, where the duration of life for a sugar-mill slave does not exceed seven years! To make this spectacle still more disgusting and hideous, some of the principal white slave-drivers, who were tolerably well dressed, and had broad-brimmed white hats on, with black crape round them, were standing near, laughing and smoking cigars. \* \* \* It was an interesting but a melancholy spectacle, to see them effect the passage of the river: first, a man on horseback selected a shallow place in the ford for the male slaves; then followed a waggon and four horses, attended by another man on horseback. The other waggons contained the children and some that were lame, whilst the scows, or flat boats, crossed the women and some of the people belonging to the caravan. There was much method and vigilance observed, for this was one of the situations where the gangs—always watchful to obtain their liberty—often shew a disposition to mutiny, knowing that if one or two of them could wrench their manacles off, they would soon free the rest, and either disperse themselves, or overpower and slay their sordid keepers, and fly to the free states. The slave-drivers, aware of this disposition in the unfortunate negroes, endeavour to mitigate their discontent by feeding them well on the march, and by encouraging them to sing 'Old Virginia never tire,' to the banjo."

And this of

#### BONIFACE IN THE STATES.

"We stopped at Wythe Court House, at the shabby dirty tavern where the stage-coach puts up; and where they pretended to give us dinner; but every thing was so filthy it was impossible to eat. The landlord, a noisy, ill-dressed, officious fellow, was eternally coming into the room with his mouth full of tobacco, plaguing us to eat his nasty pickles and trash along with the bread and milk we were contented to dine upon, and for which he charged us half a dollar each,

"This worthy was a perfect representative of that class of lazy, frowzy, tobacco-chewing country landlords, who think nothing is right unless there is a good deal of dirt mixed up with it. Seated upon a chair, with his legs sprawling upon two others, his great delight was to bask in the sun at the door of his tavern, and watch the approach of the stage-coach or any other vehicle or person that was upon the road. It was in this situation we found him, dressed in a pair of preposterously-fitting trousers, covered with grease, a roundabout jacket to correspond, and a conceited, lantern-jawed, snuff-coloured visage, with an old ragged straw hat stuck at the top of it. But he had one surprising talent. From his long practice of chewing large mouthfuls of tobacco, and the consequent necessity of ridding himself of the strong decoctions that like a spring-tide constantly threatened to break their bounds, he had gradually acquired the art of expectorating with such force and precision, that he could hit any thing within a reasonable distance, and with a force before unknown to belong that branch of projectiles."

Intending emigrants cannot too much familiarize themselves with pictures of the sort of life to which they will be doomed. In Arkansas our traveller lighted upon the following scene:—

#### A SETTLER.

"Continuing on for eight miles, we came to the cabin of a settler called Morse; where we found his family, eight or ten in number, in a very deplorable situation: they had emigrated from Tennessee in the month of May last, and had been ever since so completely prostrated by the malaria, that at one time there was not, during two whole days, a single individual of them able even to draw water for the family. A more sickly, unhappy set of creatures, I never beheld; livid, emaciated, helpless, and all of them suffering extreme pains and nausea from an excessive use of calomel: on the floor were laid the father and five of the children, still confined to their beds; but the mother, a kind, good-hearted woman, finding that we were travellers, and were without any thing to eat, ordered one of the boys, who was still excessively weak, to shew us where we could get some Indian corn, and how we could pound it so as to make a hoe-cake. He accordingly took us to a patch of maize, which was yet standing; and having provided ourselves with a sufficient number of ears, we began the operation of pounding it. They had no mill of any sort to go to, but had scooped out a cavity in the stump of a large tree, over which was a wooden pestle, eight feet long, suspended from a curved pole sixteen feet in length, with a heavy weight at the end of it. A cross stick was fixed in the pestle, about two feet from its base: so, putting the grains of maize into the cavity, and laying hold of the cross stick, we pounded away with this primitive contrivance until we thought our grist was fine enough; when, taking it to kind Mrs. Morse, she made it into a hoe-cake, and baked it before the fire. This, with the important aid of a pitcher of good milk, and our own tea and sugar—for we had nothing else left—enabled us to make an excellent breakfast."

"These good people, who were half broken-hearted, and who sighed after their dear native Tennessee as the Jews are said to have done after Jerusalem, would not receive any compensation until I forced it upon them: but when I further divided my remaining tea and sugar with her, believing that it would refresh their prostrated stomachs, she said, with tears in her eyes, 'that if any thing would set her old man up again, it would be that nice tea;' and that she was at one time going to ask me if they might take the leaves that we had left, 'but that she did not like to do it.' So strange are the vicissitudes of life! We had passed the night with a family in whose favour I could willingly have invoked all the blessings that the stoutest hemp that was growing could confer; and here, when we little dreamt of it, we had become most feelingly interested for the welfare of their nearest neighbours: such an impression does suffering goodness make upon the heart."

We close with some

#### ANECDOTES OF GENERAL JACKSON.

"We now drove on to the Hermitage, the plantation of General Jackson, the President. I had seen at a tavern in Virginia a box directed to him, and learnt accidentally that it had been waiting there several weeks; the contractor of the stage having refused to forward it because the carriage was not paid, and because he was opposed to the General in politics. I therefore took it under my care; and, mentioning the circumstance to him when I met him at Campbell's Station, the old gentleman told me that the box contained his favourite saddle, and that he had been inconvenienced for the want of it during the short holiday he had been indulging in from the seat of government."

"As we drove up to the door of the tavern, I saw General Jackson, the venerable President of the United States, seated at a window smoking his long pipe, and went to pay my respects to him; apologizing for my dirty appearance, which I told him I



had very honestly come by in hammering the rocks of his own state; he laughed and shook hands cordially with me; and learning that my son was with me, requested me to bring him in and present him. My son, who had been scampering about the country all the time we were in Knoxville, was in a worse pickle than myself, and felt quite ashamed to be presented to so eminent a person; but the old General very kindly took him by the hand, and said, "My young friend, don't be ashamed of this: if you were a politician, you would have dirty work upon your hands you could not so easily get rid of."

*Travels in Southern Abyssinia, through the country of Adal, to the kingdom of Shoa.* By CHARLES JOHNSTON, M.R.C.S. In 2 vols. London, 1844. Madden and Co.

THESE volumes are a sort of opposition to those of Major HARRIS, already reviewed in the columns of THE CRITIC. The main purpose of the writer appears to be to discredit and abuse the Major and his amusing narrative, which probably explains much of the bitterness of tone observable in the preface to the second edition. Mr. JOHNSTON is a surgeon, with a propensity for wandering. He succeeded in procuring from the Government at Calcutta the charge of some stores which were to be transmitted to Major Harris's embassy at Shoa. Scarcely had he arrived when he fell out with the Major, and to this quarrel, which appears never to have been cordially made up, is, doubtless, to be attributed the greater portion of the spirit of detraction which manifestly infects the entire narrative of the touchy surgeon. His route lay through the same country as was traversed by Major HARRIS, hence, in that portion of his tour, there is little novelty. At Shoa he was seized with the intermittent fever, which confined him for many weeks, so that he had few opportunities of seeing much there. A mutual friend succeeded in restoring apparent harmony between the ambassador and the surgeon, and he returned with the party, so that there is still less of novelty in that portion of his adventures.

But there are differences enough in details, or rather in opinions, between the two travellers; indeed Mr. JOHNSTON appears to make it a rule to oppose Major HARRIS in his conjectures, dispute his statements, and condemn his policy. But to this sort of controversy readers have a great aversion, and, consequently, these volumes will find but a small share of the popularity which attended their precursors.

Still it was impossible that any man could traverse such a country with his eyes open and not see a great deal that was worthy of record. Accordingly Mr. JOHNSTON has noted the domestic manners and habits of the people with praiseworthy care, and added largely to our stores of information on these particulars. His style, though inferior in liveliness to that of the Major, is graphic, and conveys his ideas with force and precision. Having so lately traversed the same route with Major Harris, we will restrict our illustrative extracts to two or three passages, concluding with the remark that we cannot recommend this tedious work for the library or book-club, unless the former be a very extensive one, or the latter very rich. There are so many better books to be had that this should not be ordered till the list of those better ones is exhausted.

The traveller would scarcely anticipate such a source of trouble as

#### IMPOTUNATE LADIES.

"I was, as usual, strongly recommended whilst staying at Murroo to take a wife, like Ohmed Mahomed, Ebin Izaak, and, in fact, all the rest of my companions; who, as is usual, had taken to themselves temporary helpmates. One of the girls, who presented herself to me as a candidate, was stated by her friends to be a very strong woman, and had had as many as four or five husbands. I thought this a rather strange recommendation; but it was evidently mentioned that she might find favour in my eyes. I dismissed her very unceremoniously, as if I did not altogether understand the proposal; but at the same time, gave her as proofs of my regard for

her people, and of my strong platonic attachment to herself, a few red beads, and a little paper, that she had asked for in the first instance as her dower.

"It requires some little address to keep clear of these unscrupulous ladies; and I frequently had cause to fear that my constant rejection of their addresses would be construed into an affront to the tribes to which they belonged. An Arab friend of mine I met at Mozambique, named Said Hamza, told me of an adventure of his in the country of the Muzeguahs, some five or six weeks' journey up the large river that empties itself into the Indian Ocean at Lamoo. He had been fined by the chief for forming some matrimonial connection without his authority; so he determined to have nothing more to do with their women. A girl coming into his hut, he accordingly walked out; and this caused a much greater quarrel than before, for the whole tribe asserted he had treated them with contempt by his haughty conduct towards the girl, and demanded to know if she were not good enough for him. Said Hamza in the end was again mulcted of a lot of brass wire and blue sood, before he could allay the national indignation, which his extreme caution had thus excited.

"Such delicate dilemmas are best avoided, as I have before remarked, by engaging the first old woman that makes her appearance. To her must be referred all new comers of her sex; and she will generally manage to send them away without compromising the traveller at all."

An oasis has been ever a favourite theme for poets. But, we believe, few have imagined its real beauty. Mr. JOHNSTON vividly paints it.

"It was a beautiful spot which was selected for the encampment; the whole surface of the earth being one extensive green sward of fresh young grass. Mimosa-trees there grew to an extraordinary height, festooned from the topmost branches with a many-flowered climbing-plant, which, extending from tree to tree, formed a continued suite of the coolest bowers. The alitu also offered its thick shade of round velvet-like leaves; from amidst which its short white trunk seemed to represent the painted tent-pole of some bright green pavilion, of the richest material. Doves in all directions fled startled at our approach; only to return immediately, with louder cooing, to the quickly-remembered care of their young, who, in flat slightly-built nests of dry sticks and grass, lay crowding to the centre, as if aware of the insecurity of their frail-built homes. Hares in great numbers bounded from beneath our feet, and after running a few yards, would turn to gaze again upon the intruders on the quiet of their retreats; whilst the tall stalking bustard scarcely deigned to notice our arrival, but, seemingly intent upon his beetle-hunt, slowly removed himself from the increasing noise.

"The scene was particularly inviting to me after the stones and sand of the previous few days' journey."

How degraded must be this people among whom such an inhuman practice could prevail as that of parents selling their children. Thus:—

"Many of the Dankalli Bedouins do certainly sell their female children. Garahme, as I have before observed, had thus disposed of three, and Moosa of two daughters; and on more than one occasion I had offered to me for sale, girls from ten to fourteen years old, at the price of about four or five dollars each. In merchandize, the value of a really handsome slave girl appears much more trifling than when paid for in hard dollars; as six or seven cubits of blue sood, worth about two shillings in England, is a more than sufficient temptation to induce even a mother to part with her child. These bargains, I observed, were always transacted with the female relatives; but the returns, I was told, were generally handed over to the fathers or brothers. The girls were frightened to death at the idea of being sold to me, but seemed happy enough to leave their desert homes in search of fortunes elsewhere, with masters of their own colour; and both parents and children, in these business transactions, supported themselves most stoically, although on the eve of being separated for ever."

#### SCIENCE.

*The Zoist; a Journal of Cerebral Physiology and Mesmerism, and their application to Human Welfare.* Vol. II.—No. 6. London, July, 1844. Baillière.

ANXIOUS THAT THE CRITIC should maintain its position of an Inquirer, reporting facts, instead of dogmatizing, and seeking the truth, careless of the consequences, whether it were to overthrow or establish the assertions of the mesmerizers, we have strictly confined ourselves to narrating the experiments of which we were eye-witnesses, in the remarkable case of ALEXIS. But, to make

assurance doubly sure,—to satisfy ourselves and our readers that our own senses were not playing us false, and that what we beheld was a reality and not a delusion, we requested two friends to pay him a second visit on behalf of this Journal, entreating them to use every precaution and every test their ingenuity could devise, and faithfully to relate the results without comment. The following are the phenomena they witnessed:—

#### CLAIRVOYANCE.

Since the publication of our last number, we have been favoured with an opportunity of witnessing, at the house of Dr. Elliotson, some further experiments on that remarkable clairvoyant, M. ALEXIS. On this occasion there were about thirty gentlemen assembled, including several physicians. At twenty-five minutes past three M. ALEXIS took his seat, and M. Marcillet, by gazing steadfastly at him, in a few seconds visibly affected him: in four minutes he was asleep. One singular feature we noticed in the process of mesmerizing this patient; which was that, instead of returning the operator's gaze, he looked casually and indifferently about the room; occasionally, however, his eye turned rapidly and with a troubled expression to M. Marcillet, though it was but for a moment. The state of mesmeric sleep being pronounced complete, the patient's right arm was catalepted and released at pleasure. His legs were next catalepted; and in order, we presume, to test the reality of this condition, a gentleman of some fifteen stone weight stood upon them at various distances from the knees outwards, and was sustained by him without apparent effort or inconvenience. The cataleptic state having thus been proved to the satisfaction of the parties assembled, two large pieces of cotton wool and some handkerchiefs were now produced; these were placed over the patient's eyes by one of the visitors present—the handkerchiefs being laid one transversely across the eyes, and the other two as nearly vertical as possible, so that the crevices formed by the bridge of the nose might be effectually stopped. Parties having been invited to examine the bandaging, some gentlemen did so, and declared their belief that the blindfolding was perfect. In this state M. ALEXIS rose, and confidently approached the table on which lay a pack of cards; and a gentleman, with whom we are personally acquainted, and whose character places him above all suspicion, accepted the broad challenge made to the company, and sat down to a game at *carté*. At the moment M. ALEXIS took the cards in his hand his manner changed; he became hasty and impatient, and played evidently under great excitement. Having hurriedly taken up the cards, he sorted them rapidly, and turned out the proper ones, with a single exception, which mistake he rectified. Three games were played, of which the first and third he won, and the second, of course, he lost. During the play he repeatedly called out the cards his adversary held:—thus, he said, "You have three tens," and "You have four trumps," &c. which was right. After the close of the third game, a visitor having picked out the seven of hearts, asked him what it was? After first calling it the nine, he recognized it, and named it correctly. Another gentleman then proposed to play at a distance of four yards. ALEXIS moved from the table the required distance, but the same result followed; he recognized his opponent's cards as before. Reading was next proposed; an extra handkerchief was put on, and the crevices by the nose examined and pronounced secure. A book, brought at random from Dr. Elliotson's library, was opened, and ALEXIS accurately, and without hesitation, described an illustrative plate of ancient armour, and another of the cathedral *Notre Dame de Chalon*. He also read promptly and correctly any passages he was desired, that were laid before him: he even did this when Dr. Elliotson's hands, in addition to the wadding and handkerchiefs, were interposed between his eyes and the book. A volume of Bossuet's *Histoire Universelle* was next brought in, and ALEXIS, as before, read several lines correctly. He now complained of heat, and threw off the bandages, but remained with his eyes closed as in natural slumber. He correctly read passages nine and ten pages in advance—the latter after losing the place. Grasping several pages together in his hand, he offered to read some words on any side or part of a page that might be selected. A friend who had accompanied us pointed out the side and part where he wished him to read; and, after a little while, during which he pressed one side of the group of leaves against his stomach, he read the words *Tite,*

*Live*, and *Romulus*; and on turning over the leaves at 80 pages onwards were found the first-named words, and at 150 the latter word, precisely in the required position. Having returned to the chair, Dr. Castle, of Milan, a perfect stranger to ALEXIS, placed himself *en rapport* with him. It happened that during the preceding night this gentleman had endured acute suffering, the traces of which, indeed, were yet visible on his countenance. ALEXIS faithfully described to him how the night had passed, and even the seat of his disorder. A thick cardboard box (such as jewellers use), in which was written a word, the sides of the lid being carefully sealed, was now laid before ALEXIS by one of the visitors, who, without the privity of other parties, had brought it as a test. Beginning at the letter "O," after a little difficulty, he wrote the word *content*, which was admitted to be correct. The box was then opened, and shewn to whomsoever chose to inspect it. Our friend then faintly wrote the word *ami*, in pencil, on a leaf of his pocket-book, which he shewed to no one, and, pressing another leaf over the writing, told him he had written a word he wished to be read. The particulars of this experiment we give in his own language:—"I kept the leaf firmly pressed over the word, and upon the body of the book, and held it in his hand. Directly he placed his hand in my other hand, he said merrily, '*Que vous êtes bon ! Il n'y a que trois lettres.*'" I assented. He then wrote nearly, but not exactly over it, the letter *a*; then turned to me, and said 'That is right.' I assented. He then wrote *m*, and inquired in the same way: I said nothing. He repeated the question: I remained silent. He then said in a jocose tone to this effect—"You may just as well say so, because you know it is." I then said, '*Oui.*' He repeated it after me in high glee, and added instantly the *i*, striking a flourish underneath, as if to shew he had succeeded. I shewed the pocket-book to those present, and all were satisfied that the word I had written could not be read through the leaf which covered it." In addition to the above, we heard that ALEXIS gave proof of *mental travelling*; but as we were engaged in conversation at the time in another part of the room, we do not feel justified in giving the particulars. During the experiments with the books, the excitement under which he seemed to labour when card-playing was not present; he seemed pleased with his tasks, was lively, and talked much. Indeed, throughout the exhibition, his faculties generally seemed in a state of exaltation.

Convinced that with most men the cause of scientific truth is more successfully promoted by gathering *facts* and placing them before their eyes, than by the most cogent of verbal *arguments*, we have related in simple language the above circumstances as they appeared to us, and without the slightest intentional colouring; leaving it to dispassionate inquirers to say whether these things are not worthy of thoughtful and diligent investigation; and whether, after wonders of which they may have heard and read, yet more strongly attested than are those here narrated, mesmerism does not open up to us new paths by which the conquests of mind may be pushed to lengths hitherto considered impracticable, and the happiness and well-being of the human race greatly augmented; a result which has invariably followed the cultivation of the other sciences.

In closing this account of the *clairvoyance* of M. ALEXIS, it is but an act of justice to M. Marillet, who brought ALEXIS to this country, to state that he seemed most anxious every opportunity should be afforded the parties present of testing the genuineness of the exhibition. With the exception of occasionally making a pass over the head of the patient when he thought the magnetic influence was lessened, he took no part in the tentative experiments, standing mostly behind, and at some distance from ALEXIS, without making visible or audible sign, or communication, and speaking rarely indeed until each experiment was concluded.

The following gentlemen having witnessed—some having tested—the above experiments, voluntarily subscribed their names to a paper expressive of their conviction of the integrity of this wonderful exhibition:—

The Viscount Adare, 76, Eaton-square  
John Elliotson, M.D. Conduit-street  
John Ashburner, M.D. 55, Wimpole-street  
H. Storer, M.D. Granville-street, Brunswick-square  
James George Davey, M.D. Hanwell Asylum  
W. C. Engledue, M.D. Portsmouth  
M. Castle, M.D. Milan

— Ritterbandt, M.D.

Edmund Sheppard Symes, 38, Hill-street, Berkeley-square  
John James, Capt. Dover  
Daniel Thomas Evans, Temple  
Henry U. Janson, President of the Exeter Literary and Philosophical Society  
Edward Wise, Temple  
T. G. Margary  
H. G. Atkinson, G. S. 18, Upper Gloucester-place  
Nathaniel Ogle  
W. Topham, Temple  
H. Balliere, Regent-street  
John Hulme, Exeter  
H. S. Thompson, Fairfield.

As we are desirous of collecting the fullest information, and recording all the facts of this extraordinary case, we add some further particulars relative to the proceedings at the meeting which we reported in our last.

It will be remembered that we related how ALEXIS had described to Captain DANIEL the interior of his house, the pictures, &c. there and, among other things, the colour of the curtains. We omitted to mention, that the Captain thought him wrong at the time as to the colour of the curtains; but he has since written to Dr. Elliotson to say, that, on returning home, he was amazed to find that he was wrong and ALEXIS right.

The other gentleman, whose house he described, and whose name we did not then know, we have since ascertained to be the Hon. Edmund Phipps, brother of the Marquis of Normanby.

We now extract from *The Zoist* some interesting particulars relating both to that and to a subsequent experiment, and we request special attention to the observations upon the varying conditions of the patient's power, which accord precisely with the suggestions that had presented themselves to our own mind while witnessing the phenomena.

"Mr. Atkinson was in the evening with Mr. Phipps, and wrote the following account to Dr. Elliotson, which we are allowed to publish:—

"The Hon. Edmund Phipps, brother to the Marquis of Normanby, took hold of the hand of Alexis, who described his house in Park-lane in many points with singular correctness; but what was most remarkable, he said, among other things, that he saw a picture of a battle opposite the fire-place in the drawing-room; he saw men on horseback with spears and helmets, describing the whole very distinctly and correctly, and particularly insisted that there was a figure in the centre of the picture with a crown on the head and a truncheon in his hand leading on the battle, which Mr. Phipps denied; but the boy insisted that he was right, and that if Mr. P. would look when he went home, he would find it; for that he saw it distinctly. I dined with Mr. Phipps that evening, and we examined the picture together, and found that the somnambulist was quite correct, as well as with respect to some curious points described in another picture, which Mr. Phipps had never remarked before, but of too striking and curious a nature to be the effects of a lucky guess. Mr. Phipps was a sceptic, but is now satisfied of the lad's extraordinary powers of clairvoyance."

"We are enabled from the account of eye-witnesses, to make the following statement:—

"Alexis was mesmerized at the house of a nobleman on Thursday; and any one of the company who compared what he did then with what he did at Dr. Elliotson's will see additional reason to be satisfied of the integrity of him and M. Marillet. His eyes were not satisfactorily bandaged in our opinion: the bandages were well placed, but not firmly, so that, after a while, perhaps he might have seen if he would. But he played badly; doing what nobody else could have done who did not see, but making blunders every now and then, not one of which he would have made had he seen like other people and been an impostor. A word was written on paper, and then so carefully folded that to see it was impossible. He, after great difficulty, made it all out. He first made out *d* and *a*, and was long divided between *m* and *n*; twice he pronounced the whole word, and twice doubted; but at last felt sure, and fixed on *Danton*, which it was. The gentleman who wrote the word was the only person who knew it.

"The power was on Alexis at times only; coming in gushes or flashes, as forced states of the living body do;—pain, convulsions, flashes of light, noise in the ears, emotion, and even the inspirations of genius. This should be carefully remembered. The state is a forced state; and though, if strong, it is more uniform, if weak, it will flicker. It must also be remembered, that he, unfortunately, thinks aloud; names each appearance and thought as it presents itself to him, and therefore seems to guess; whereas he is like a man reading an ill-written letter, or looking at very distant objects, who fancies one word or object and then another, till at last he is satisfied what the real one is. He, therefore, is often apparently, in great

error when he first speaks, and, though nothing be said by others, he goes on correcting himself. It would be well if clairvoyants said nothing and had nothing said to them, till they felt themselves certain.

"Another point to be attended to is, that these effects come slowly, like the movements excited mesmerically beyond the patient's sight, and which also are often incorrect at first, like clairvoyant thoughts, as Dr. Elliotson has remarked; and therefore full time should always be allowed for the results, as Dr. Engledue says in the account of his equally wonderful case of clairvoyance; and Dr. Elliotson in regard to movements.

"A drawing of a house was placed behind him, and he at last correctly described it as a house of two floors and four windows. The half-length portrait of a preacher in a gown was placed behind him, and at last he correctly stated that it was a half-length portrait of a man with a strange tunic, and his hair drawn down at the sides, though he once fancied he saw a crown upon the head. When asked what sort of eyes they were, he instantly replied, 'There are spectacles, and large ones, too;' and this was all correct. Another drawing was placed behind him, and he at once correctly said that there were two lines of words beneath it. With two drawings he failed, and would not consider them long enough to judge accurately. A large portfolio was placed before him, and he said it contained only a piece of paper doubled together, and of a certain size, and placed in a certain part; in all which he was perfectly correct. But the following trial astonished every one. Two lines were enclosed between two leaves of paper, and these were put into an envelope. He did not read the whole, as he did two lines through a doubled pocket handkerchief, at Dr. Elliotson's, but he named two words of the whole, and declared he would stick three pins into each. On taking the leaves out of the envelope, and opening them, it was actually found that he had named the right words, and stuck three pins accurately into each. Lastly, a book was presented to him, enclosed in three sheets of paper, and he read aloud the words, *Le chemin de fer*, which were upon the cover. The words were not at all discernible through the envelopes, and the sensation in the company was extraordinary."

We add to this case, which has been attested by hundreds of unimpeachable witnesses, two equally curious, communicated by Dr. ENGLEDEUE, of Southsea, to the editor of *The Zoist*, and which he authenticates by his name. To these, as to that of ALEXIS, there are hundreds of impartial witnesses. We ask the reader, whether the allegation of the existence of such phenomena should not at least be inquired into? If false, ought they not to be exposed,—if true, to be investigated? Is it not repeating the story of Galileo, of Hunter, of every great discoverer, to condemn unseen and untried? Nobody is asked to believe upon the testimony of any one or of any number of spectators; it is hoped only, as a matter of fairness, that judgment be suspended until trial shall justify a decision. It should be remembered, that the most serious affairs of life are conducted in reliance upon testimony not one-half so weighty as that which establishes the phenomena of mesmerism: every criminal hung is condemned on a tithe of the evidence which prejudice refuses even to hear upon this subject. But for the report of Dr. ENGLEDEUE.

"J. W. aged 18, had suffered from epilepsy for eleven years. The attacks were severe, and on several occasions injuries had been inflicted. This patient had been under the care of several medical gentlemen, and had passed through the usual course of treatment, but without benefit.

"I mesmerized her on four consecutive nights for one hour and a quarter each night, but without the least effect. On the fifth night I requested her to take the hand of her sister, and I commenced mesmerizing the latter. In twenty minutes my first patient was entranced, but no effect was produced on the sister. She was awakened with some difficulty. From this period, the time occupied in producing the sleep diminished daily, till, in about three weeks, five or ten seconds were sufficient. I continued to mesmerize her almost daily for eighteen months, and with a most marked effect. There was a great improvement in the general health; the number of fits diminished from an average of four to fifty every month, to three or two, and once she passed through the month without a fit. The following are the experiments referred to:—

"In a drawing-room containing forty persons, this experiment was performed, and I select and relate it here because it was not pre-arranged. After the patient had been entranced, a gentleman requested to speak to me at the other end of the room. He engaged me in conversation, and whilst I was standing with my hands behind me, one of his companions suddenly pushed the point of a penknife into my thumb. Immediately the patient cried out, and rubbed the exact spot on her own hand which had been injured in mine.



"Another gentleman requested me to accompany him into the library, which adjoined the drawing-room. He closed the doors, and then said, 'I wish to tickle your ear with the end of a pen.' I requested him not to do so for a few minutes, for I have almost always noticed that if experiments are performed in too rapid succession, the expected result does not take place; nay, more, I have frequently noticed that if experiments are too much crowded together, several minutes may elapse, and the experiment be considered a failure, but, after all, the expected result may come out. My right ear was tickled for one minute. We then entered the drawing-room, and found the patient rubbing her left ear upon her shoulder, and shuddering in the same manner that I had, and as every person does when the same stimulus is applied. Will it be believed that this experiment was considered a failure by the originator, because the patient did not exhibit sympathetic sensation in the right ear? This is merely another instance of the ignorance displayed by parties pretending to investigate this subject. The individual was evidently a student of the Johnsonian school—I cannot understand, therefore I will not believe my own senses."

"When my hair was combed in another room, my patient expressed great dissatisfaction, and complained that somebody was teasing her and pulling her hair."

"When I used a toothpick, she picked her teeth with a pin, and generally she did this on the same side and inserted the pin between the same two teeth that I did. This, however, was not invariable."

"Sometimes the precision with which she named the various articles I was eating was quite extraordinary; at other times it was the reverse. At one period, suddenly, for several consecutive days, she failed at every attempt. This has frequently occurred since; but, after the closest investigation, I am not able to furnish the least explanation. She was not out of health; in fact, both in the trance and out of the trance she presented precisely the same appearance, and with this exception, manifested the same phenomena. I am aware that this must accord with the observations of others,—all agree that a patient may be particularly acute at one period and at another very dull. With regard to the higher phenomena of clairvoyance, this is constantly the case. These are difficulties. These apparent anomalies are part and parcel of the science, and are always seized with avidity by the sciolists, who fancy that they know every thing, but who, in their attempts to shew their knowledge, proclaim that they know nothing."

"I shall not attempt to detail the innumerable experiments which I have performed, but merely record the following. A gentleman, who had never witnessed any mesmeric experiments, proposed the following course. He drew up a list containing the names of twelve articles of diet. He then pointed with his finger to the name of a particular article. I commenced eating, and immediately my patient performed the processes of mastication and deglutition, and evidently relished the taste very much. I then asked her what she was eating. She replied, 'Fig.' This was correct; and she was equally correct in seven other experiments. On this day she did not once fail."

"There is a curious modification of this experiment, which I have not seen noticed elsewhere. The patient, while in the trance, is requested to eat an apple—an orange—a fig, or any other article of diet; and when she has half eaten it, and is evidently enjoying the flavour, I commence eating a mint drop—a ginger lozenge, some cayenne pepper—salt, or some equally pungent article. Immediately she rejects what she is eating, expresses great dissatisfaction, declares that her mouth is burning, and that she will not eat any thing more. I consider this result most extraordinary, because the sympathetic taste clearly overpowers the real taste of the patient; and to those present at the experiment, is a most manifest and convincing proof of that peculiar and inexplicable relationship existing between the mesmerizer and the mesmerizee."

"On two occasions I have left this patient in the trance, visited London, and remained absent two days. On my return she was still asleep, but exhibited signs of restlessness, and wished to be awakened."

"The other case is that of a young lady who manifested almost all the phenomena above detailed, and on whom I performed, in August 1842, *without her knowledge*, the operation of dividing the ham-string muscles, for contraction of the knee-joint. I shall confine my narrative to the details of experiments differing from those in the previous case."

"On one occasion, my patient being in bed and in the trance, I retired to a table at the other end of the room for the purpose of writing, when her sister directed my attention to her movements. She was writing with her finger on the sheet of the bed, and apparently following every motion of my hand. She made a full stop, crossed the letters, &c. I placed a piece of paper under her hand and gave her a pencil, and although she ceased moving the pencil at the end of a word when I did, still the writing was not intelligible—but there were the same number of divisions in a line, and the same number of stops, &c."

"I went down stairs, and to the opposite side of the house, but without mentioning my intention to the

attendants. I then asked a question, moving my lips, but without articulating. When I returned to the room, I was told that she had distinctly uttered the monosyllable 'No.'"

"I requested her sister to give me a piece of paper with some large letters printed upon it, but to give it to me folded up. I placed it across her forehead, and quite out of the line of vision—she read, 'The Evening Mail, February 1842.' When I looked at the paper, it was 'The Evening Mail, February 11, 1842.'"

"This patient had been confined to bed for eighteen months, when the following experiment was performed. The house of a relation, who lived fourteen miles off, was broken into and several articles stolen. This was not communicated to her, but I received a note mentioning the circumstance, not, however, detailing any of the particulars. When I entranced her, I directed her to go to the house and to ascertain what the family was about. After a few minutes, her countenance changed its colour, and she exclaimed, 'Why — has been robbed! The door of the house has been cut. The desk has been moved, and all the papers thrown about. (They were carried into the meadow.) He has lost six pounds. (This was quite true; at first it was supposed that only four or five pounds had been taken, but a subsequent investigation proved that there must have been six pounds in the desk.) I know who did it. It was — and —; they used a carpenter's tool. It was done on Monday night, when the wind was so high that they could not be heard. (The robbers broke into an outhouse, and obtained a centre-bit, and cut through the door panel with it.) Why they gave old Peter something in some food that he should not bark. P — gave it to him. (The terrier dog Peter was dull and stupid for two or three days from the effects of the drug which had been given to him.) Why, how foolish! What are they doing to the doors?—they are putting bits of iron all over them.' The back doors of the house were then being nailed, to prevent the application of the centre-bit again."

"On another occasion, I was told that something important had occurred at the same house. I entranced her and sent her to look. After a little time she said, 'Why one of — sheep has been killed! It was killed in front of the house by two men—there were four; only two went to the house, and two stood by the lawn-gate. They would have killed some pigs but they heard the great gates. — is so distressed because he has lost his best sheep.' After a considerable interval, 'Well, I declare, if he has not sent down for me to find out if I can. I hope I shall. And they sent for you; and — is here to take back word. (Quite true.) Why it is the sheep — offered 100l. for. The idea of their not telling me, as if I should not know! One held the sheep, whilst the other killed it with a knife. They took away part of the side; they left part at the barn and part on the lawn. O! they had a lantern, and looked it out, for they know about animals, and knew it would distress him so to kill that sheep.' (The sheep was divided and distributed as she said.)"

"Much more was said; but this I consider sufficient to prove the peculiar and extraordinary nature of these experiments."

"I am, Sir,  
"Your obedient servant,  
"W. C. ENGLEDEUE, M.D."

"Southsea, March 4, 1844."

#### FICTION.

*Hildebrand, or the Days of Queen Elizabeth: an Historical Romance.* By the Author of "The King's Son." In 3 vols. London, 1844. Mortimer.

THE hero of this romance was sold to the plantations by a Puritan uncle, who takes his estate. He is introduced to Sir Walter Raleigh, enters his service, gains his confidence, seeks to recover his patrimony, lights upon one Sir Edgar De Neville, a good Catholic, who has a fair daughter, Evaline, with whom, of course, our hero falls in love, and who becomes the heroine of the romance. But if the poet's saying as to the course of true love be sometimes found a fact in real life, it is invariably observed in novels. Accordingly, the young Hildebrand, being sent by his patron, Sir Walter, to meet a Spanish galleon, goes to Spain, and there, faithless to his first love, has an affair with a fascinating black-eyed Donna Inez. In his pursuit of this pretty prey he falls into a quarrel, and is thrown into prison, from which the donna rescues him by the clumsy contrivance of a disguise. So far, all is well enough, but the hero has two love affairs upon his hands. The author must rid him of one, lest the reader should exclaim against so unromantic a catastrophe as bigamy. In this dilemma the novelist resorts to the hackneyed expedient of killing off the Spanish lady, and the story ends happily in the union of Hildebrand and Evaline.

Such is an outline of the plot, which is filled up

with the usual variety of personages—good, bad, and indifferent, and expanded by description and dialogue. The author has undoubted merits as a writer. He paints vividly, his tone is lively, and the character of his composition is that which the Americans would term *readable*. He is well acquainted with life at sea, and he revels in conscious power when he is afloat; but ashore he is often tediously minute, and copies books instead of nature. Another fault is a tendency to caricature, exhibited most disagreeably in the portraiture of Drake, which is almost a libel. Nevertheless, spite of these drawbacks, *Hildebrand* is superior to the average of novels, and may be added to the circulating library with confidence that there are few readers whom it will fail to please.

#### POETRY.

*Poetry of Common Life, with a Preface.* By the late THOMAS ARNOLD, D.D. Head Master of Rugby School, &c. London, 1844. Clarke, Pall-mall East.

How many lips will not the title of this volume curl in infinite contempt and scorn! How the vulgar of all classes will shrink from acknowledging companionship with such a subject! "*The Poetry of Common Life!* What a strange notion! The idea of poetry in common people (except shepherds with crooks and highwaymen with pistols)—the poetry of tables and broomsticks—the poetry of a poor cottage in a town without a porch and woodbine, and no flowers round it, save the mignonette pining in broken pots! Impossible!"

It may seem strange to you, whose range of thought a vicious education has "cribb'd, cabin'd, and confin'd"—whose reading has been limited to novels that range alternately from *Almack's* to *Jack Sheppard*, and whose observation has never extended to anything out of the narrow sphere in which your precious life is wasting itself upon nothing better than the last opera or the newest Polka; but, nevertheless, it is a fact in nature, and therefore significant. There the poetry is, though you cannot see it—at least, until you shall have emancipated yourself from the golden cage in which your soul is prisoned, and you assert the privileges and powers of your being wherein divinity and dust are so oddly compounded.

Your notion of poetry! Is it not of something apart from and above that which you would call the *prose* of every-day life—something to be found only in the realms of fiction, or, if ever in the regions of reality, where only man works out his loftier destinies, and creation is seen in its grandest aspects? And doubtless, you think, too, that poetry is a sort of inheritance of the aristocracy of the world—a luxury for the refined—the *soufflée* of the intellectual banquet, whose delicate flavour can only be appreciated by those who have made taste a study.

Blessed be Heaven for it, poetry is not what such creatures as you feign it to be. Poetry, like every thing else which God has given, is the common heritage of mankind, and human laws have not yet succeeded in making a monopoly of it for the few. Nor is it, like your gems or gold, scattered rarely over the earth, to be eviscerated only with hard toil. It is flung all about with profuse hand everywhere,—in highways and streets, as well as in solitudes,—in the humblest homes as in the stateliest palaces,—in the being bent with age and clothed in rags, equally as in her who holds a sceptre and adds the dignity of the sovereign to the beauty of the woman. Poetry! Where is it not? In the busy streets? Let WORDSWORTH'S *An Orpheus* answer. In attics? What say you to the scene from Tim Linkenwater's window? In age and rags? *The Old Cumberland Beggar* will bear witness against you. In the homes of our cities? Read Dickens's *Christmas Carol*. In poverty? What is the *Song of the Shirt*? But we might run on thus for pages, heaping proofs upon proofs of the po-

sition it is our purpose to maintain, that poetry is everywhere,—in all things; that there is no exclusive region, real or imaginary, within which its presence is only to be found. Whatever there is entwined with human affections, or that appeals to human sympathies; whatever has in it a shadow of beauty (and in nature there is no ugliness—that is the production of art, when it tries to copy nature and fails)—in that is a mine of poetry which Genius can explore with certainty of finding riches inexhaustible.

Let, then, the high and low vulgar sneer at the *Poetry of Common Life*. We hope there are not many of that most despicable class of God's creatures among the readers of THE CRITIC, in whom it is our hope to encourage, in all things, genuine, pure, wholesome, vigorous tastes, the very opposite of those which are designated fashionable; but if there be one such, we exhort him or her to send forthwith for the little volume whose title is placed at the head of this article, and having perused with attention the introductory preface by Dr. ARNOLD, once and again pore over the poems that follow. If then he do not lay it down with expanded thoughts and larger humanities, with sighs for the past and good intentions for the future, and with a cordial assent to the proposition that there is poetry in the commonest and most prosaic thing in the world, if only it be read aright, such a senseless being must have had all his manhood wrung out of him by the tight-lacing of his scholastic, college, and drawing-room training, which has left him the mere outward husk and shell of a man—an automaton moving in formulas; a mindless, soulless block.

But it is time to prove our position, and before we introduce the contents of this volume on our table, it is proper to inform the reader that this *Poetry of Common Life* was not selected by Dr. ARNOLD; he did no more than supply the preface; but that preface is the gem of the book; it should be read, if for that alone, although the selections are made with much good taste, and are a pleasant store of specimens of some of the best compositions of our best poets. But before we remark further upon the poetry, let us select some passages from the beautiful and truthful preface.

"There is a ridiculous character in one of Molière's French plays, who is represented as going to school in his old age to acquaint himself with the very first rudiments of learning. He is particularly struck with the explanations given him of the words 'verse' and 'prose,' and cannot enough express his astonishment that he should have been talking 'prose' all his life, without ever being aware of it.

"This feeling, caricatured as it may seem, is exactly what many persons entertain with regard to poetry. They look upon it as a thing quite remote from common life and common people, and would be utterly surprised to hear that they themselves have most certainly been many times in a state of mind completely poetical; and, in all probability, have often, like Molière's *Monsieur Jourdain*, spoken in poetical language without being aware of it, just as he had been talking prose.

"Much mischief has arisen from this false impression. The most natural thing in the world has been regarded as the most artificial; and one of the most ennobling pleasures of the human mind, and, at the same time, one most within the reach of every one, has been thought to belong almost exclusively to the rich, like the luxuries of the table, or the splendour of a great establishment. Nor is this merely owing to aristocratical pride in the richer classes, or to their wish to keep a monopoly of enjoyment to themselves. It arises out of real honest ignorance of the nature of poetry, and of the almost universal capacity of taking delight in it; for there is no doubt that Mr. Cobbett would go along with the highest aristocrat in laughing at the notion of the poor reading poetry; not because he would think them not fit to enjoy it, but because he would consider it as not fit to be studied by them: he would regard it as a mere rich man's toy, which none but the idle, or the silly, would hold it worth their while to study.

"No error has ever arisen without something to make it less absurd than we might at first sight suppose it. In the present case it has accidentally happened that the language of poetry for many years in this country was quite unnatural, and the subjects to which it was confined were not capable of exciting general interest. And not in this country only, but

in many others, as the rich had most means of rewarding the writers of poetry, so it was naturally made suitable to their tastes; and the subjects chosen, and the style in which they were treated, were both adapted to the turn of mind of the richer classes; and for that very reason—such has been the unhappy separation between the different parts of society—they have been less agreeable and less intelligible to the mass of the community.

"But this does not make it less true that poetry, in itself, may be one of the most universal pleasures of mankind. By poetry we mean certain feelings expressed in certain language. Poetical feelings are merely, in other words, all the highest and purest feelings of our nature,—feelings, therefore, which, considering what we generally are, cannot but be of rare occurrence. It has been truly said, that

"Our better mind  
Is like a Sunday's garment, then put on  
When we have nought to do,—but at our work  
We wear a worse for thrift."

Our common temper, therefore, which is but too generally cold, and selfish, and worldly, is altogether unpoetical; but let any thing occur to put us above ourselves, any thing to awaken our devotion, our admiration, or our love—any danger to call forth our courage, any distress to awaken our pity, any great emergency to demand the sacrifice of our own comfort, or interest, or credit, for the sake of others, then we experience for the time a poetical temper, and poetical feelings; for the very essence of poetry is, that it exalts and ennobles us, and puts us in a higher state of mind than that which we are commonly living in.

"Such, then, being poetical feelings, we shall soon see what is meant by poetical language. Our words, our style, nay, our very tone of voice, naturally vary according to the temper of our minds. When we are feeling any strong passion it instantly alters our manner of speaking from that which we practise on common occasions. It clears away all that is mean and vulgar, all that is dull and tiresome in our language; and renders it at once spirited, noble, and pithy. The mind being highly excited, becomes more than usually active; it catches with great quickness every impression given by surrounding objects; it seizes rapidly every point in which they may seem to express sympathy with its own feelings. Hence its language is full of images and comparisons; it is unusually rich and beautiful, that is, it crowds together a number of ideas in a short space, and expresses them in the most lively manner, because its conception of them is keen and vivid. Again, the very tone of the voice is altered, it becomes more rapid and animated, and the flow of our words is less broken, and more measured and musical, than in common unexcited conversation. This will be understood in a moment by just turning to the poetical parts of the Bible: for instance, let any one observe the difference between the two first chapters of the Book of Job, which contain the mere story, and those which immediately follow them. He will find his tone and manner of reading, if he be reading aloud, change instantly in going from the second chapter to the third. Poetical language is, in truth, the language of excited feeling; and this is what was meant by saying that as every man has been in a poetical state of mind at some time or other of his life, so almost every man must, in some degree, however imperfect, have expressed himself on such occasions in poetical language.

"This is what may be called the natural history of poetry, shewing the elements in nature out of which it arose. Here, as in all other cases, art came in to imitate nature: the pleasure of excitement is notorious to every one; and poetry, in the common sense of the word, is an artificial means of producing this pleasure, by presenting us with exciting feelings expressed in exciting language. Hence arose the invention of verse, partly in imitation of that flowing and harmonious language which is natural to us when speaking under the influence of strong feeling; partly to create an additional excitement by the effect of an harmonious arrangement of sounds. But the oldest known poetry, which is that contained in the Old Testament, was not written in any regular metre or verse; nor is verse essential to the nature of poetry, although the almost universal practice of later times has made us think it so."

And again, how true is this!

"The more extensive our knowledge of men and things, and the greater the activity of our minds and the liveliness of our feelings, so much the more universal will be our pleasure in poetry; inasmuch as we shall be able to enter into the notions, and to sympathize with a greater number of poets of different descriptions, ages, and countries. For to like only one sort of excellence is the sure mark of an imperfectly educated mind; it likes one sort only, because it only knows and understands one sort."

We must copy the concluding passage of this most eloquent address. Alas, that death should have deprived the world of such a man at such a moment, when his genius, his in-

dustry, his large liberality of opinion, his high courage in expressing it, promised such mighty services to the cause of struggling humanity!

"One thing more may be added: the works of great poets require to be approached at the outset with a full faith in their excellence: the reader must be convinced that if he does not fully admire them, it is his fault, and not theirs. This is no more than a just tribute to their reputation; in other words, it is the proper modesty of an individual thinking his own unpractised judgment more likely to be mistaken than the concurring voice of the public. And it is the property of the greatest works of genius in other departments also, that a first view of them is generally disappointing; and if a man were foolish enough to go away trusting more to his own hasty impressions than to the deliberate judgment of the world, he would remain continually as blind and ignorant as he was at the beginning. The cartoons of Raphael, at Hampton Court Palace—the frescoes of the same great painter in the galleries of the Vatican at Rome—the famous statues of the Laocoon, and the Apollo Belvidere—and the Church of St. Peter at Rome, the most magnificent building, perhaps, in the world—all alike are generally found to disappoint a person on his first view of them. But let him be sure that they are excellent, and that he only wants the knowledge and the taste to appreciate them properly, and every succeeding sight of them will open his eyes more and more, till he learns to admire them, not, indeed, as much as they deserve, but so much as greatly to enrich and enlarge his own mind, by becoming acquainted with such perfect beauty. So it is with great poets: they must be read often and studied reverently, before an unpractised mind can gain any thing like an adequate notion of their excellence. Meanwhile, the process is in itself most useful: it is a good thing to doubt our own wisdom, it is a good thing to believe, it is a good thing to admire. By continually looking upwards, our minds will themselves grow upwards; and as a man, by indulging in habits of scorn and contempt for others, is sure to descend to the level of what he despises, so the opposite habits of admiration and enthusiastic reverence for excellence impart to ourselves a portion of the qualities which we admire; and here, as in every thing else, humility is the surest path to exaltation."

But he is lost to us for ever. Let us, therefore, hug to our hearts such utterances of his glorious spirit as he has bequeathed to us.

The collection of poems thus honoured is small, but gathered from an extensive range of reading. We find the names of most of the modern poets in the list, and rightly so; for it is the proud boast of the literature of the present century, that it has restored the study and worship of nature, and instituted poetical thoughts for a conventional language miscalled poetry. We take two or three of those likely to be least familiar to our readers.

Here is, indeed, *Common Life*. But is it not poetry also?

SATURDAY.

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

"To-morrow will be Sunday, Ann—  
Get up, my child, with me;  
Thy father rose at four o'clock  
To toil for me and thee.

The fine folks use the plate he makes,  
And praise it when they dine;  
For John has taste—so we'll be neat,  
Although we can't be fine.

Then let us shake the carpet well,  
And wash and scour the floor,  
And hang the weather-glass he made  
Beside the cupboard door.

And polish thou the grate, my love;  
I'll mend the sofa arm;  
The autumn winds blow damp and chill,  
And John loves to be warm.

And bring the new white curtain out,  
And string the pink tape on;  
Mechanics should be neat and clean—  
And I'll take heed for John.

And brush the little table, child,  
And fetch the ancient books  
John loves to read; and when he reads,  
How like a king he looks!

And fill the music-glasses up  
With water fresh and clear;  
To-morrow, when he sings and plays,  
The street will stop to hear.

And throw the dead flowers from the vase,  
And rub it till it glows;  
For in the leafless garden yet  
He'll find a winter rose.

And lichen from the wood he'll bring,  
And mosses from the dell;  
And from the sheltered stubble-field,  
The scarlet pimpernell."

The slang of sentimentalists represents all mechanical labour as essentially prosaic. What say they to



## THE WEAVER'S SONG.

BARRY CORNWALL.

"Weave, brothers, weave! Swiftly throw  
The shuttle athwart the loom,  
And show us how brightly your flowers grow,  
That have beauty but no perfume!  
Come, show us the rose, with a hundred dyes,  
The lily, that hath no spot;  
The violet, deep as your true love's eyes,  
And the little forget-me-not!  
Sing, sing, brothers! weave and sing!  
'Tis good both to sing and to weave;  
'Tis better to work than live idle,  
'Tis better to sing than grieve.

Weave, brothers, weave! Weave and bid  
The colours of sunset glow!  
Let grace in each gliding thread be hid,  
Let beauty about ye blow!  
Let your skein be long, and your silk be fine,  
And your hands both firm and sure,  
And Time nor chance shall your work untwine,  
But all, like a truth, endure!  
So sing, brothers, &c.

Weave, brothers, weave! Toil is ours;  
But toil is the lot of men:  
One gathers the fruit, one gathers the flowers,  
One sows the seed again!  
There is not a creature, from England's king,  
To the peasant that delves the soil,  
That knows half the pleasures the seasons bring,  
If he have not his share of toil!  
So sing, brothers, &c."

What commoner thing is there than the  
bramble, and yet what beautiful thoughts has  
it suggested to ELLIOTT!—

## TO THE BRAMBLE FLOWER.

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

"Thy fruit full well the schoolboy knows,  
Wild bramble of the brake!  
So put thou forth thy small white rose—  
I love it for his sake.  
Though woodbines flaunt and roses glow  
O'er all the fragrant bowers,  
Thou need'st not be ashamed to show  
Thy satin-threaded flowers;  
For dull the eye, the heart is dull,  
That cannot feel how fair,  
Amid all beauty beautiful,  
Thy tender blossoms are!  
How delicate thy gauzy fill!  
How rich thy branchy stem!  
How soft thy voice when woods are still,  
And thou sing'st hymns to them;  
While silent showers are falling slow  
And, 'mid the general hush,  
A sweet air lifts the little bough,  
Lone whispering through the bush!  
The primrose to the grave is gone  
The hawthorn flower is dead;  
The violet by the moss'd gray stone  
Hath laid her weary head;  
But thou, wild bramble! back dost bring  
In all their beauteous power,  
The fresh green days of life's fair spring,  
And boyhood's blossomy hour.  
Scorn'd bramble of the brake! once more  
Thou bidd'st me be a boy,  
To gad with thee the woodlands o'er,  
In freedom and in joy."

There is not so much poetry in the following  
as in the others we have extracted, but we  
copy it for its truth, and for the evidence it  
gives of the wholesome turn which the rising  
literature of the country is taking.

## LABOUR.

R. M. MILNES.

"Heart of the people! Working men!  
Marrow and nerve of human powers!  
Who on your sturdy backs sustain  
Through streaming Time this world of ours;  
Hold by that title, which proclaims  
That ye are undismayed and strong,  
Accomplishing whatever aims  
May to the sons of earth belong.

Yet not on ye alone depend  
These offices, or burthens fall;  
Labour for some or other end  
Is lord and master of us all.  
The high-born youth from downy bed  
Must meet the morn with horse and hound,  
While Industry, for daily bread,  
Pursues afresh his wonted round.

With all his pomp of pleasure, He  
Is but your working comrade now,  
And shouts and winds his horn, as ye  
Might whistle with the loom or plough;  
In vain for him has wealth the use  
Of warm repose and careless joy,—  
When, as ye labour to produce,  
He strives, as active, to destroy.

But who is this with wasted frame,  
Sad sign of vigour overwrought?  
What toil can this new victim claim?  
Pleasure, for pleasure's sake besought,  
Her golden promise, if they knew  
What weary work she is to those  
Who have no better work to do!

And he who still and silent sits  
In closed room or shady nook,  
And seems to nurse his idle wits  
With folded arms or open book;—

To things now working in that mind,  
Your children's children well may owe  
Blessings that Hope has ne'er defined  
Till from his busy thoughts they flow.

Thus all must work, with head or hand,  
For self or others, good or ill;  
Life is ordained to bear, like land,  
Some fruit, be fallow as it will.  
Evil has force itself to sow  
Where we deny the healthy seed,—  
And all our choice is this,—to grow  
Pasture and grain or noisome weed.

Then in content possess your hearts,  
Unenvious of each other's lot;  
For those which seem the easiest parts  
Have travail which ye reckon not:  
And he is bravest, happiest, best,  
Who, from the task within his span,  
Earns for himself his evening rest  
And an increase of food for man."

We cannot resist adding, for its exquisite  
poetry, these lines

## TO DAFFODILS.

HERBICK.

"Fair daffodils, we weep to see  
You haste away so soon;  
As yet, the early rising sun  
Has not attain'd its noon.

Stay, stay  
Until the hasting day  
Has run

But to the even song;  
And having prayed together, we  
Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay as you,  
We have as short a spring;  
As quick a growth to meet decay,  
As you or any thing.

We die,  
As your hours do, and dry  
Away,

Like to the summer's rain,  
Or as the pearls of morning dew,  
Ne'er to be found again."

We now conclude a very long notice of a  
very little book. But the friends of THE CRITIC  
must already have discovered that the space  
allotted to reviews is measured by the merits of  
the work rather than by its magnitude. A  
reader does not profit by the quantity, but  
by the quality of his reading. One really good  
composition of half-a-dozen pages, will be  
vastly more serviceable than so many volumes  
of inferior matter. In this conviction, our aim  
is to encourage the circulation of the best  
works, however humble their form, and, as far  
as in us lies, to discourage the publication of  
worthless ones. How far we shall be enabled to  
carry out the large design which is the ultimate  
scheme of THE CRITIC, will depend upon the  
encouragement given to the fore-shadowings  
of it, which, at present, with restricted space  
and means, we are able only to exhibit occa-  
sionally.

## EDUCATION.

*Steill's Pictorial Geography.*—England. London,  
1844. Steill, Paternoster-row.

THE prominent feature of this useful little volume  
is a profusion of excellent pictorial illustrations,  
which better convey knowledge to children than  
words, exhibiting to them at a glance what a page  
could not describe distinctly. But this is not its  
only merit. The information is conveyed in an  
agreeable, because simple, form, and a great mass  
of it is collected within a small space. It is not a  
work for the very young, but from ten years up-  
wards it will be found a valuable assistant in the  
difficult duty of education, nor will the adult refer  
to it without advantage; it will refresh the flagging  
memory, and supply much that is very likely to  
have escaped observation. The statistics are got  
up with great care, and are more elaborate than is  
usual in school-books. Questions on the contents  
of each chapter and useful reflections are subjoined.

*Exercises in Arithmetic for Elementary Schools,*  
after the method of Pestalozzi.

THIS publication appears under the sanction of the  
Committee of Council on Education, and it is well en-  
titled to their approbation, for it contains the best in-  
structions for mental arithmetic we have yet seen.  
This is a cyphering-book (to use the schoolboy  
phrase), founded on a rational, because natural sys-  
tem, teaching through the eye by diagrams, as well as  
through the memory. Thus the attention is kept  
alive, and that which, by the old method, is the  
most irksome task to which a child can be sub-

jected, becomes in this almost an amusement. It  
should be introduced everywhere.

*The First and Second Phonic Reading Books.*

ANOTHER work from the same authority, and  
equally sound in its principles and simple in the  
application of them with the book last noticed.  
The plan adopted in these child's books is to clas-  
sify letters according to their sounds, so as to teach  
reading and spelling of words by the sound, while  
their meaning is conveyed by pictorial representa-  
tions of the objects. Thus, the child sees a rat,  
and he analyzes the sounds that make up the word  
"rat" instead of the letters, and so learns to read  
and spell at the same moment. We heartily  
commend this publication to the notice of teachers.

## PERIODICALS.

*The Western Agriculturist: a Farmers' Magazine*  
for the Counties of Devon, Dorset, and Somers-  
et, &c. No. 1. June. London, 1844. Hamil-  
ton, Adams, and Co.

It will not be doubted that there is among the  
agricultural community a vast amount of practical  
knowledge, which needs only to be collected to pro-  
duce an incalculable advancement of agricultural  
science. To gather these materials has been the  
purpose of many periodicals established in London,  
Edinburgh, and a few of the largest of our county  
towns; but the aspiring character of these maga-  
zines has necessarily limited their contributors to a  
class considerably above that of the genuine farmer,  
and the information comes for the most part from  
those dangerous guides, the mere men of science, or  
the "gentlemen farmers." For the same reason  
their readers are mainly among the amateurs, and  
they are rarely consulted by the working yeoman.

But a race of periodicals has lately arisen in  
Scotland, which in price and pretension address  
themselves to the true farmer, and with so much  
success, that we are happy to see the example fol-  
lowed in England; and sincerely do we trust that  
the adventure will be attended with equal prosperity.  
Here we have a pamphlet, the first number of a  
monthly magazine of practical agriculture, printed  
and published in a little town on the borders of  
Somerset, Devon, and Dorset, in the midst of an  
agricultural district, and containing a mass of  
really useful information, because for the most part  
purely practical.

A letter from a farmer expresses great pleasure  
at the establishment of such a medium of commu-  
nication and promises that "I shall in future com-  
mit many things to writing which otherwise I should  
not." Then there is a Table of Chemical Com-  
bination; then the first of a series of lectures on  
Chemistry as applied to Agriculture, by the Rev. W.  
D. CONYBEARE, contributed exclusively to this  
magazine. Then follow some useful remarks on  
the state of local agriculture; hints to farmers; in-  
structions for sowing wheat; notices about potatoes,  
rue, the supply of air to the roots of plants, the  
turnip-fly, &c. &c.

It gives us very great pleasure to hail the ap-  
pearance of such a periodical in our provinces; we  
trust the example will be extensively followed, and  
we congratulate the editor on the excellent per-  
formance of his task, spite of the difficulties that  
attend a first number.

*The Indicator, or Repertory of Intelligence for*  
*the Nottingham Ancient Imperial Order of Odd*  
*Fellows.* Part 2, for July. Nottingham.  
Shaw.

A MAGAZINE devoted to the collection of intelli-  
gence of the sayings and doings of the ancient  
order of Odd Fellows. It will interest the brethren  
everywhere, but it has no attractions for the unin-  
itiated.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

*Essays on Natural History.* By CHARLES WA-  
TERTON, Esq. 2nd Series, with a continuation  
of the *Autobiography of the Author.* London,  
1844. Longman.

WELCOME, again, sexagenarian climber of trees—  
collector of Wourali poison—chivalrous defender of  
the calumniated and persecuted, whether man, bird,  
or plant—and sturdy troubler of the peace and quiet  
of in-door self-satisfied writers on natural history—  
CHARLES WATERTON, we bid thee welcome once

more, after thy seven years' silence, and far and wide may our welcome be echoed. To the late lamented Mr. Loudon, whose vast labours in the cause of science have not yet been duly appreciated and rewarded, the world was indebted indirectly for the delightful volume of which this is a continuation; and we record with pleasure that, in the hope of alleviating one of the sad consequences of his death, Mr. WATERTON has, unsolicited, presented this little work to his amiable and excellent widow.

None who ever read can have forgotten the racy and original autobiography in the first series, and the continuation, though less rich in adventures, is equally amusing and characteristic. We have here the same earnest and unflinching adherence to the faith of his fathers in "good Queen Mary's times"—the same quicksightedness for evils which did not happen to exist before the "ruthless Reformation," and were therefore caused by it; the same dulness of vision for evils which did then exist; the same hearty abhorrence of Dutch William's taxes, whose sins our lively and anti-destructive naturalist seems to visit upon the hapless Hanoverian rat. His father, "a field naturalist of the first order," always declared that the grey rat was a needy hanger-on, introduced into England soon after 1688, and his son narrates his late crusade against this rapacious quadruped within the realms of Walton-hall, where all other birds and animals, whether vulgarly called vermin or not, enjoy their lives as in some secluded wilderness far from the wrongs of man.

"I have been able to banish the Hanoverian rat for ever, I trust, from these premises, where their boldness had surpassed that of the famished wolf, and their depredations, in the long run, had exceeded those of Cacus, who was known to have stolen all the milch cows of Hercules. The rats have made themselves so remarkably scarce, that if I were to offer twenty pounds sterling money for the capture of a single individual in or about any part of the premises, not one could be procured. History informs us that Hercules sent the harpies neck and crop into Stymphalus, and that Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain drove all the Moors back into Africa; and in our times we see thousands of poor Englishmen forced into exile by the cruel workings of Dutch William's national debt. When I am gone to dust, if my ghost should hover o'er the mansion, it will rejoice to hear the remark that Charles Waterton, in the year of grace 1839, effectually cleared the premises at Walton Hall of every Hanoverian rat, young and old."

We shall not follow Mr. WATERTON throughout his travels in the south of Europe; suffice it to say he saw much to gladden the heart of a good Catholic and delight an enthusiastic naturalist. We should not be inclined to take him for our guide in theology, however well satisfied with his accuracy of judgment as an ornithologist, and we shall therefore leave our readers to weigh for themselves his observations on these matters, and his curious account of the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius, while we limit our extracts and observations to subjects more suited to our pages and more in harmony with our opinions. Travellers in Italy usually tell us so much of statues, pictures, and buildings, that it is rather a treat to light upon something new, such as the following description of the last moments of the pigs in the Eternal City:—

"As you enter Rome at the Porta del Popolo, a little on your right, is the great slaughter-house, with a fine stream of water running through it. It is probably inferior to none in Italy for an extensive plan and for judicious arrangements. Here some seven or eight hundred pigs are killed on every Friday during the winter season. Nothing can exceed the dexterity with which they are despatched. About thirty of these large and fat black pigs are driven into a commodious pen, followed by three or four men, each with a sharp skewer in his hand, bent at one end, in order that it may be used with advantage. On entering the pen, these performers, who put you vastly in mind of assassins, make a rush at the hogs, each seizing one by the leg, amid a general yell of horror on the part of the victims. Whilst the hog and the man are struggling on the ground, the latter, with the rapidity of thought, pushes his skewer betwixt the fore leg and the body, quite into the heart, and there gives it a turn or two. The pig can rise no more, but screams for a minute or so, and then expires. This process is continued till they are all despatched, the brutes sometimes rolling over the butchers, and sometimes the butchers rolling over the brutes, with a yelling enough to stun one's ears. In the meantime the screams become fainter and fainter, and then all is silence on the death of the last pig. A cart is in attendance; the carcasses are lifted into it, and it proceeds through the streets, leaving one or more dead hogs at the

doors of the different pork-shops. No blood appears outwardly, nor is the internal hemorrhage prejudicial to the meat; for Rome cannot be surpassed in the flavour of her bacon, or in the soundness of her hams."

The bird-market of Rome presents opportunities to the ornithologist to be met with nowhere else. Thither is brought every bird that haunts or visits Italy. To a Roman stomach nothing comes amiss. Ravens and wrens, owls and titmice, gulls and sparrows, all in their turn, are served up as delicacies of the feast. Our author tells us little of the various charms of these dainties, and we suspect, from sundry good stories about the cleanliness of Italian cooking, that he generally avoided the perils of unknown dishes, but he added largely to his collection of stuffed birds, and made many observations upon the different species which he now saw for the first time. He had keen eyes for the living as well as the dead, and satisfactorily identified the bird to which the repentant Psalmist compared himself when he sang, "I have watched, and am become as a sparrow all alone upon the house-top."

"It is," he says, "a real thrush in size, in shape, in habits, and in song, with this difference from the rest of the tribe, that it is remarkable throughout all the East for sitting solitary on the habitations of man. The first time I ever saw this lonely plaintive songster was in going to hear mass in the magnificent church of the Jesuits at Rome. The dawn was just appearing, and the bird passed over my head in its transit from the roof of the palace Odescalchi to the belfry of the church of the Twelve Apostles, singing as it flew. I thought it had been the Italian blackbird, with notes somewhat different from those of our own, for its song was partly that of the blackbird, and partly that of the stormcock, but not so loud as the last nor so varied as the first. I found out my mistake in due time, and on seeing that the bird was the true solitary thrush, I paid particular attention to its habits. It is indeed a solitary bird, for it never associates with any other, and only with its own mate in breeding-time, and even then it is often seen quite alone upon the house-top, where it warbles in sweet and plaintive strains, and continues its song as it moves in easy flight from roof to roof. The traveller who is fond of ornithology may often see this bird on the remains of the Temple of Peace, and occasionally in the villa Borghese, but much more frequently on the stupendous ruins of the baths of Caracalla, where it breeds in holes of the walls, and always on the Coliseum, where it likewise makes its nest; and, in fine, at one time or other of the day on the tops of most of the churches, monasteries, and convents within and without the walls of the eternal city. It lays five eggs, of a very pale blue. They much resemble those of our starling. The bird itself is blue, with black wings and tail, the blue of the body becoming lighter when placed in different attitudes. Whilst I lodged in the Palazzo di Gregorio, this solitary songster had its nest in the roof of the celebrated Propaganda, across the street Dei due Macelli, and only a few yards from my window. I longed to get at it, but knowing that the Romans would not understand my scaling the walls of the Propaganda in order to propagate the history of the solitary thrush, and seeing, at the same time, that the hole at which the bird entered was very difficult of access, I deemed it most prudent to keep clear of the Propaganda, and to try to procure the nest from some other quarter."

In this pleasant gossiping book it is difficult to make any selection, for each essay deserves to be given at length. Nor can we find any good excuse for breaking a lance with the author, barring, or course, his opinions as a politician and theologian. His essay combating the error of supposing that ivy is injurious to the trees it mantles with such a picturesque dress, indeed startled us much; and, strong as some of the arguments and the facts which he brings to their support, we cannot yet accede to his opinion. We grant, certainly, that it is less injurious than the woodbine, but suggest that, as light and fresh air have so much influence upon all vegetation, the barrier which a thick covering of ivy presents to the free access of these essentials must, and, according to all our observation, does, affect the vigour and growth of the tree, although it has its independent source of life, and its leading shoot is perpendicular. Mr. WATERTON has, however, hoisted his flag in defence of our beautiful climber, and it will find in him a warm and steady friend; and, in return, must give welcome shelter to the pet bird of its patron, the owl, "in the ivy-mantled tower." We may appropriately quote here a curious instance of the powers of vegetation, with the moral our author contrives to draw, which will amuse if it does not convince.

"In those good days of old, when there were no corn-factors in England to counteract that part of our Redeemer's prayer—'Give us this day our daily bread'—by hoarding up vast stores of grain until mouldiness and vermin have rendered it unfit for the use of man, there stood at Walton Hall a water-mill, for the interest of the proprietor and the good of the country round. Time, the great annihilator of all human inventions, saving taxation and the national debt, laid this fabric low in ruins some sixty years ago, and nothing now remains to shew the place where it once stood, except a massive millstone, which measures full seventeen feet in circumference. The ground where the mill stood having been converted into meadow, this stone lay there unnoticed and unknown (save by the passing haymaker) from the period of the mill's dissolution to the autumn of the year 1813, when one of our nut-eating wild animals, probably by way of a winter's store, deposited a few nuts under its protecting cover. In the course of the following summer, a single nut having escaped the teeth of the destroyer, sent up its verdant shoot through the hole in the centre of the procumbent millstone. One day I pointed out this rising tree to a gentleman who was standing by, and I said, 'If this young plant escape destruction, some time or other it will support the mill-stone, and raise it from the ground.' He seemed to doubt this. In order, however, that the plant might have a fair chance of success, I directed that it should be defended from accident and harm by means of a wooden paling. Year after year it increased in size and beauty; and when its expansion had entirely filled the hole in the centre of the millstone, it gradually began to raise up the millstone itself from the seat of its long repose. This huge mass of stone is now eight inches above the ground, and is entirely supported by the stem of the nut-tree, which has risen to the height of twenty five feet, and bears excellent fruit. Strangers often inspect this original curiosity. When I meet a visitor whose mild physiognomy informs me that his soul is proof against the stormy winds of politics, which now-a-days set all the world in a ferment, I venture a small attempt at pleasantry, and say, that I never pass this tree and millstone without thinking of poor old Mr. Bull with a weight of eight hundred millions of pounds round his galled neck; fruitful source of speculation to a Machiavel, but of sorrow to a Washington."

The readers of the *Wanderings* will recollect that the custom-house was always a thorn in the side of our traveller, and his attempt to import some Bernacle geese gave rise to the following scene, amusing to all excepting those engaged in it:—

"They must go to the custom-house," said the officer. 'I know they must,' said I, 'if they were dead geese for the purpose of commerce. But they are living geese,' continued I, 'and of course exempt by law from such an unpleasant errand.' 'No matter,' said he obstinately, 'to the custom-house they must and shall go, alive or dead.' And to the custom-house they went on a truck without springs, trotting all the way over the rough pavement into the heart of the town of Hull. On our arrival at the custom-house, another officer, in a harsh tone of voice, asked me 'Why I had brought living geese to that place?' 'By peremptory orders,' said I, 'from the visiting custom-house officer in the river.' 'He is a booby,' said this officer. 'Let these geese be removed; they don't pay duty.' My geese and widgeons were instantly withdrawn from his haughty presence, and they had another jolting through the streets of Hull to the water-side, with some fears on my part that they would not forget in a hurry their being jumbled together rudely in the performance of a useless expedition."

His fears were realized. The geese and two of the widgeons died shortly afterwards, but the ganders had tougher nerves, and survived the disgrace, and one was reserved by fortune for high honours in compensation—

"Iturum Cæsarem in ultimos  
Orbis Britannos."

for Mr. WATERTON thus recounts the "loves of the Bernacle gander and the Canada goose." The first period of their conjugal life was passed in his absence, and he was somewhat incredulous; but in 1842 they again spent their annual honey-moon together; but again the eggs proved to be addled.

"Last year this incongruous, though persevering couple visited the island again, and proceeded with the work of incubation in the same place, and upon hay which had been purposely renewed. Nothing could exceed the assiduity with which the little Bernacle stood guard, often on one leg, over his bulky partner, day after day, as she was performing her tedious task. If anybody approached the place, his cackling was incessant: he would run at him with the fury of a turkey-cock; he would jump up at his knees, and not desist in his aggressions until the intruder had retired. There was something so remarkably disproportionate betwixt this goose and gander, that I gave this the name of Mopsus, and



to that the name of Nisa; and I would sometimes ask the splendid Canadian Nisa, as she sat on her eggs, how she could possibly have lost her heart to so diminutive a little fellow as Bernacle Mopsus, when she had so many of her own comely species present, from which to choose a happy and efficient partner.

"The whole affair appeared to be one of ridicule and bad taste; and I was quite prepared for a termination of it, similar to that of the two preceding years, when, behold! to my utter astonishment, out came two young ones, the remainder of the five eggs being addle.

"The vociferous gesticulations and strutting of little Mopsus were beyond endurance, when he first got sight of his long-looked-for progeny. He screamed aloud, whilst Nisa helped him to attack me with their united wings and hissings as I approached the nest in order to convey the little ones to the water; for the place at which the old birds were wont to get upon the island lay at some distance, and I preferred to launch them close to the cherry-tree, which done, the parents immediately jumped down into the water below, and then swam off with them to the opposite shore. This loving couple, apparently so ill-assorted and disproportionate, has brought up the progeny with great care and success. It has now arrived at its full growth, and is in mature plumage.

"These hybrids are elegantly shaped, but are not so large as the mother, nor so small as the father, their plumage partaking in colour with that of both parents. The white on their front is only half as much as that which is seen on the front of the gander, whilst their necks are brown in lieu of the coal-black colour which appears on the neck of the goose. Their breasts, too, are of a dusky colour, whilst the breast of the Bernacle is black, and that of the Canadian white; and throughout the whole of the remaining plumage, there may be seen an altered and modified colouring not to be traced in that of the parent birds.

"I am writing this in the middle of February. In a fortnight or three weeks more, as the breeding season approaches, perhaps my little Mopsus and his beautiful Nisa may try their luck once more, at the bole of the superannuated cherry-tree. I shall have all in readiness, and shall be glad to see them.

"I certainly acted rashly, notwithstanding appearances, in holding this faithful couple up to the ridicule of visitors who accompanied me to the spot where the novel incubation was going on. I have had a salutary lesson, and shall be more guarded for the future in giving an opinion. Information is always desirable, and is doubly satisfactory when accompanied by a demonstration. Nine times out of ten, that from the close is to be preferred to that from the closet. In the present instance, my speculation that a progeny could not be produced from the union of a Bernacle gander with a Canada goose has utterly failed. I stand convinced by a hybrid, reprimanded by a gander, and instructed by a goose."

In our recent notice of "Jesse's Country Life," we pointed out the folly and ignorance displayed by the slaughterers of vermin, as some of the most useful of our birds are libellously called, and we read with equal regret and surprise that the "cannie Scots" have had their judgment perverted, and commenced a crusade against our old friends the rooks. Their able counsel has rushed to the rescue, and will, we trust, save both their reputations and their lives. We conclude our notice of this—we trust not the last contribution to ornithological science by the greatest of our field naturalists—with his letter upon this subject, which ought to put a stop to such proceedings once and for ever, notwithstanding the simile which will hardly be relished by his Scotch readers.

"We have innumerable quantities of these birds in this part of Yorkshire, and we consider them our friends. They appear in thousands upon our grass lands, and destroy myriads of insects. After they have done their work in these inclosures, you may pick up baskets full of grass plants all injured at the root by the gnawing insect. We prize the birds much for this, and we pronounce them most useful guardians of our meadows and our pastures.

"Whenever we see the rooks in our turnip-fields, we know then, to our sorrow, what is going on there; we are aware that grubs are destroying the turnips, and we hail with pleasure the arrival of the rooks, which alone can arrest their dreaded progress. I have never seen the least particle of turnip, or of turnip top, in the craws of the rooks, either young or old. If these birds feed on Swedish turnips in Scotland, they abstain from such food here, so far as I can learn by inquiry: perhaps they may be taking insects at the time that they are seen perforating the turnip; dissection would soon set this doubt at rest for ever. No farmer in our neighbourhood ever complains that his Swedish turnips are injured by the rook.

"The services of the rook to our oak trees are positively beyond estimation. I do believe, if it were

not for this bird, all the young leaves in our oaks would be consumed by the cockchafer.

"Whilst the ringdove is devouring the heart shoot of the rising clover, you may see the rook devouring insects in the same field.

"The flesh of the rook is excellent: I consider it as good as that of pigeon. People in this part of the country will go any distance for a dozen of young rooks, even at the risk of a penalty for trespass.

"In 1814, eight tailors and a tailor's boy left Wakefield on a Saturday night to enjoy a fiddling party at a village called Hunsworth, some six miles from hence. In returning home they were seized with a vehement desire of looking into my rookery. The keeper surprised them in the act of helping themselves, and as he knew the major part of them personally, they consented to appear before me. The fellow had a touch of wag in him, and he introduced them thus:—'If you please, Sir,' said he, 'I have caught eight tailors and a half stealing young rooks.'—'Well,' said I, 'after all this noise on Sunday morning, you have not managed to bring me a full man, for we all know in Yorkshire that it requires nine tailors to make a man. Send them about their business; I can't think of prosecuting eight ninths and a half of a man.'

"The faults of the rook in our imperfect eyes are as follows:—It pulls up the young blade of corn on its first appearance, in order to get at the seed-grain still at the root of it. The petty pilfering lasts about three weeks, and during this period we hire a boy at threepence a day, sometimes sixpence, to scare the birds away. Some years we have no boy at all. Either way the crops are apparently the same in quantity every year. In winter the rook will attack the corn-stacks which have lost part of their thatch by a gale of wind. He is a slovenly farmer who does not repair the damaged roof immediately; and still we have farmers in Yorkshire of this description. The rook certainly is too fond of our walnuts, and it requires to be sharply looked after when the fruit is ripe. In breeding-time it will twist off the uppermost twigs of the English and Dutch elms, and sometimes those of the oak in which its nest is built, for the purpose of increasing it. This practice gives the tops of the trees an unsightly appearance, and may injure their growth in course of time. Sycamores, birches, firs, and ashes escape in great measure the spoliation.

"It ought to be generally known that, in former times, the North American colonists having banished the grakles (their rooks), the insects ate up the whole of their grass; and the people were obliged to get their stock of hay from Pennsylvania and from England; and in the island of Bourbon, the poor Eastern grakles disappeared under a similar persecution. The islanders suffered in their turn, for clouds of grasshoppers consumed every green blade; and the colonists were compelled to apply to government for a fresh breed of grakles, and also for a law to protect them.

"Thus, it appears from history that the sages of the East, and the wise men of the West, did wrong in destroying their grakles. They were severely punished for their temerity, by the loss of their crops. They repented, and repaired the damage; and, so far as I can learn, things have gone on well betwixt themselves and the grakles, and betwixt the grakles and their crops ever since. In 1824, I saw immense flocks of these birds in the low meadows of the Delaware.

"History, by the way, in our own species, presents a parallel to the war of extermination now raging against the rooks in Scotland. When Voltaire and his impious sophisters had determined on the total destruction of Christianity, he remarked that he must begin with the Jesuits. Chiefly by his own intrigues and those of the kept mistresses in the different courts of Europe, the suppression of this celebrated order was effected. Very soon after this had taken place, the civilized Indians of America fell off rapidly from their improved state, and ultimately returned to their original wild habits, whilst vice and ignorance took the lead in the European settlements, and have retained it to this day. Frederick, the far-famed King of Prussia, foresaw the future evils of this suppression in their true colours, and he made the following remark in a letter to Voltaire:—'I have no reason to complain of Ganganelli; he has left me my dear Jesuits, who are the objects of universal persecution. I will preserve a seed of so precious and uncommon a plant, to furnish those who may wish to cultivate it hereafter.' In our days, we have lately seen the people of South America applying to Rome for missionaries from the Society of Jesus.

"I defend my sable friends the rooks here in England on account of their services to the land. Should the adverse party effect their extirpation in Scotland, and then suffer by the ravages of the grub, I will, at any time, be happy to send you a fresh supply of these useful and interesting birds."

*The Matrimonial Garden. Addressed to a young Lady. To which are added, poetical Effusions of Love.* Second Edition. Chapman.

A LITTLE book, but containing not a little good advice. The author indulges too much in allegory, and often confuses a plain truth by his fanciful method of telling it. He recommends to wives ever to wear upon their faces a cheerful smile, wherein we cordially agree with him. The effusions are selected from modern poets.

*Why am I an Odd Fellow? A Sermon, &c. Preached before the Lodge of Odd Fellows at Nottingham, &c. By the Rev. SAMUEL OLIVER, P.D.M. Nottingham. Shaw.*

AN eloquent eulogium on Odd Fellowship, in which the duties it teaches are pointed out, and its advantages are proclaimed to the world, which certainly had been hitherto ignorant of them.

#### REVIEWS OF UNPUBLISHED MSS.

*The Master Mosaists. A Tale (from the French of G. Sand). Translated by E. A. G.*

THIS is a tale of the revival of the art of mosaic-work in Venice in the 15th century. The characters are all historical, introducing the principal painters of the day—Titian, Tintoretto, &c.

The chief interest, however, turns upon the comparative merits of painting and mosaic, and is illustrated by the disappointment felt by Sebastian Zuccato, the venerable syndic of the painters (first master of Titian), that his sons should, as he fancies, voluntarily degrade themselves by giving up the painter's brush for the trowel of the mosaicist.

This feeling is shewn in the opening conversation between Sebastian Zuccato and his old friend Jacques Robusti, better known under the name of Tintoretto.

"Believe me, Messer Jacopo, I am an unfortunate father. Nothing can console me for this disgrace. We live in a declining age, and it is I who say so. The human race is degenerating. The spirit of good government is fading away in families. In my time every one used to try at least to equal, if not to surpass, his ancestors. Now, so long as a fortune can be obtained, no matter how, no one objects to any degree of self-derogation. The nobleman becomes a merchant—the master a journeyman—the architect a mason, and the mason a mere labourer. Holy Virgin! where will this end?"

"So spoke Messer Sebastian Zuccato, a painter who, though now forgotten, was then highly esteemed as the founder of a school of painting, to the illustrious Master Jacques Robusti, better known now under the name of Tintoretto.

"Ah, ah!" answered the master, who, from habitual absence of mind, often answered with an excess of sincerity, "it is much better to be a good workman than a mediocre master—a great artisan than a vulgar artist."

"Stop, stop, my good master," cried old Zuccato, a little piqued; "whom are you styling a vulgar artist, a mediocre painter?—the syndic of all the painters, the master of so many masters, who make the present glory of Venice, and form a sublime constellation in which you yourself are one of the bright particular stars, but where my pupil Tiziano Vecelli shines with no less lustre?"

"Very well, Messer Sebastian," answered Tintoretto coolly, "if such stars and such constellations enlighten the republic; if your school produces such masters, commencing by the sublime Titian, before whom I bow without jealousy and without resentment, we cannot be living in such a declining age as you were mourning over just now."

"Well, well," said the sorrowful old man, a little impatiently, "no doubt we live in a grand age for the fine arts; but I can never console myself for having contributed to its grandeur, and being the last to enjoy it. What avails it to me to have educated a Titian, if no one cares for it? Who will even know it a hundred years hence? Even now it is only known through this great man's gratitude, who is always praising me, and calls me his dear comrade. But what is that even? Why did it not please heaven to make me Titian's father? why is he not a Zuccato or a Vecelli? Then at least my name would have lived from age to age, and perhaps a thousand years hence the world would have said, the first of this name was an excellent master; whilst now I have two sons as careless of the honour of my name as they are faithless to the noble muses—two sons who, with their brilliant capacities, might have been my glory—might perhaps have surpassed Giorgione, Schiavone, the Bellinis, Paul Veronese, Titian, and Tintoretto himself. Yes, I am not afraid of saying, with their natural talent, and the instructions which, even in my old age, I could give them, they might

even now wipe off their dishonour, quit the workman's ladder, and mount the painter's scaffold. My dear master, you must give me another proof of the friendship with which you honour me, by joining your entreaties to those of Titian, in order to produce some effect upon my misguided children. If you could but save Francisco, he would influence his brother, for Valerio is a young man of no judgment, and I should say, were he not my son, almost without talent, if he had not occasionally shewn some when sketching fresco borders on the walls of my studio. But Checo is quite another being—he handles the brush like a master, and often suggests to the painters themselves those lofty conceptions which they—which even you, Messer Jacopo, as you have often told me, only execute. Besides, he is acute, active, persevering, restless, ambitious, he has all the qualities of an artist. I cannot imagine how he can so completely have mistaken his vocation."

"But, Messer Sebastian," said the good master, detaining him, "you have not even seen the last performances of your sons in the interior of the cathedral."

"God forbid that I should see Francisco and Valerio Zuccati hoisted by ropes like slaters, cutting enamel and working mastic."

"But you know, my good Sebastian, that these works have obtained the highest eulogiums from the Senate, and very high recompense from the republic."

"I know well," replied the old man haughtily, "that there is mounted on the ladders of the Cathedral of St. Mark, a young man, who is my eldest son, and who, for 100 ducats a year, has abandoned the noble profession of his fathers, in spite of the reproaches of his conscience and the conflicts of his pride. I know also that the pavements of Venice are trodden by my second son, who, to pay for his own foolish pleasures and expenses, gives up all pride, and actually takes wages from his own brother, and only quits the too extravagant dress of dissipation for the too humble apron of the workman, spending his evenings playing the patrician in a gondola, and working the next day like a journeyman mason to pay for the supper and serenade of the past evening. This is what I know, Messer, and nothing but this."

"And I repeat to you, Messer Sebastian," replied Tintoretto, "that you have two good and noble children, who are excellent artists—one industrious, patient, ingenious, excellent, exact, allowed by all to be a master of his art, whilst the other is amiable, brave, and jovial, full of spirit and fire, less assiduous in his employment, but perhaps even more fruitful in grand ideas and sublime conceptions."

"Oh! yes," replied the old man, "and still more faithful in words. I have had enough to do with those theorists who *feel art*, as they call it, who explain it, define it, and exalt it, but do not work for it; they are the nuisance of the studios; they make the noise whilst others do the work. They think themselves of far too noble a race to work, or else they have so much talent they don't know how to use it—the mere inspiration kills them, and in order not to be too much worn out by it, they chatter about art, or walk the streets from morning till night. Apparently it is from the fear lest the inspiration of art and the work of his hands should injure his health, that Messer Valerio, my son, instead of working with his ten fingers, lets all his intellect out by his lips. That boy has always made the same impression upon me that a canvass would on which the first ideas of many subjects were sketched without any of them being effaced, and which thus in a short time would present the strange spectacle of a multitude of incoherent lines, each of which may have had some intention at first, but which the artist, at last lost in his own chaos, has never been able to resume or follow out."

Zuccato and Tintoretto proceed to the Cathedral of St. Mark, which was then being repaired and re-decorated principally under the superintendence of the rival schools of the Zuccati and Bianchini. The old Zuccato, unable to avoid recognizing the fidelity and even genius with which his sons had followed out the painter's uncoloured sketches, goes away a little softened in his feelings towards them, but still holding the opinion that his name had been degraded by his sons' choice of a profession, considering apparently in his professional pride that it was better to be even the lowest among painters than the first among mosaists.

The following extract will give an idea of the rival school of the Bianchini.

"Huzza! huzza! how fast the work gets on. Some mastic here, you little black monkey, Maso! you hear? Brother Vincent, what in the devil's name do you keep all the apprentices for? Send me one of your bearded seraphs there to help me a little. By Bacchus! if I throw my beetle at that great porpoise, Maso, I am sure it will be a long time before the republic sees such an ugly figure again."

"So roared out from the top of his scaffolding the

red-bearded giant, who was directing the repairs of the chapel of St. Isidore, this part of the building being confided to Dominic Bianchini, nicknamed the Red, and his two brothers, competitors and rivals of the two Zuccati in the mosaic art.

"Will you hold your noise, you great bell; will you be patient, you tower of red copper?" replied the surly Vincent Bianchini, the eldest of the three brothers. "Have not you got your own apprentices? make them work, and leave mine alone. Haven't you got Jean Visentin, that pretty milk cheese of the Alps? Where is Reago gone, your hoarse bull who sings so well in the choir on Sundays? I dare say all your apprentices are running from tavern to tavern trying to get credit for a bottle of wine in your name, and if so, they will not be back again in a hurry."

"Vincent," said Dominic, "it is well for you you are my brother and my fellow-labourer, for with one kick I could overturn your scaffolding, and send your illustrious self and your interesting apprentices to study mosaic on the pavement."

"If you attempt it," cried Gian Antonio, the youngest of the three brothers, in a sharp voice, shaking the ladder on which Dominic was working, "I'll shew you that the highest perch is not always the safest—not that I care a bit more for Vincent's bones than for yours, but I don't like bullying, and for the last few days, mind you, you have taken up, sometimes with him, and sometimes with me, a tone I can't put up with."

"The savage Dominic cast an angry glance at young Antonio, and allowed himself to be shaken on the ladder for some seconds without speaking; but, as soon as Antonio was again occupied with his cement under the portico, he went down, threw off his cap and apron, turned up his sleeves, and began to inflict upon him a rough punishment."

The priest Alberto Zio, also a distinguished mosaist, who was on a ladder pursuing his occupation on one of the pediments, hastened down in order to separate the combatants; and Vincent Bianchini, running quickly from the interior of the chapel, beetle in hand, mingled in the quarrel, more from resentment against Dominic than from any interest in Antonio.

"The priest, having vainly endeavoured to bring them back to Christian feelings, at last used an argument to appease them which rarely failed of its effect."

"If the Zuccati hear you," said he, "they will rejoice at your quarrels, and think that it is their greater mildness and good understanding which makes their work superior to yours."

"He's right," said Dominic the Red, taking up his apron; "we'll settle our quarrel in the evening at the tavern. Just now we must not give our enemies any advantage over us."

The tale pursues the rivalries of the two schools, not only as artists, but as citizens and members of the various joyous clubs or brotherhoods, then so common in Venice; and the establishment of a new club, at the head of which was Valerio Zuccati, from which the Bianchini had been excluded, on account of their notoriously bad characters, aggravates their envy and hatred of the Zuccati, and gives rise to a series of petty intrigues to deprive them of the confidence and favour of the commissioners appointed by the Senate to superintend the works going on in the cathedral of St. Mark.

The unexpected defection of Bozza, one of the Zuccati's principal apprentices, a few days before the period at which the portion of the cathedral intrusted to them was obliged to be finished, or they would fail dishonourably in their engagements, covered them at first with dismay and consternation.

This brings into full play Valerio's untiring energy, and his devoted affection for his brother.

"Valerio, who knew how much his brother had it at heart to finish his cupola, and who saw the anxiety caused by Bozza's desertion, resolved to work himself to death rather than not surmount this difficulty."

Francisco's health was delicate, and his proud and sensitive soul suffered much from the fear of failing in his engagements. He was now thinking, not merely of his glory as an artist—a glory upon which he reproached himself with having dwelt too much—he was behindhand even in the manual part of the work, and he was not ignorant of the intrigues already entered into by the Bianchini to blacken his reputation.

Francisco saw this fatal day approach; in vain he wore himself out with labour; hope began to abandon him. He saw Valerio, insensible to anxiety, still persist in his intention of celebrating on that very day the institution of a Company of Pleasure. The departure of Bozza at such a critical moment filled him with consternation. Even, thought he, if Valerio were to give himself entirely up to his labour, that would not do much. Let him amuse himself, then, since he is happy enough to be insensible to the shame of a failure. But Valerio's views were very

different. He knew too well the chivalric susceptibility of his brother not to feel that he would be inconsolable under such a mortification. He assembled his favourite pupils, Cecato, Marini, and two others, explained to them the state of Francisco's mind, and the position of their school in public opinion. He entreated them to follow his example, not to despair; to renounce neither business nor pleasure, but to stand to their task even if they were to perish the very day after St. Mark. All swore enthusiastically to second him unceasingly, and all kept their word. In order not to alarm Francisco, who was always uneasy about the little care Valerio took of his health, they covered up with planks each portion as it was finished, and worked hard every night. A light mattress was thrown upon the scaffolding, and, if any one was overcome by fatigue, he threw himself down and tasted a few minutes' repose, interrupted by the joyous songs of the others and the creaking of the boards beneath their feet. They bore all their fatigues gaily, and declared they had never slept better than when rocked by the motion of the scaffolding and lulled by the sound of the beetles. The inextinguishable gaiety of Valerio, his amusing stories, his merry songs, and the great pitcher of Cyprus wine which went the round, kept up a wonderful ardour. Their zeal was crowned with success. The eve of St. Mark, just as the day's work was done, and Francisco, in order to avoid the appearance even of a mute reproach to his brother, was affecting a resignation foreign to his feelings, Valerio gave the signal, the pupils carried away the planks, and the master saw the festoon, and the beautiful cherubim which supported it, finished as if by magic.

"Oh! my dear Valerio," cried Francisco, transported with joy and gratitude, "was I not well inspired to give wings to your portrait? Are you not my guardian spirit—my liberating angel?"

The malice of the Bianchini, however, triumphs for a time, and, in the midst of the festivities consequent on the institution of the new brotherhood, of which Valerio was the head, he is shocked and alarmed by suddenly hearing that his brother had been arrested and carried to "the Leads."

This he soon ascertained to be the fact, and, on going to visit and console his brother, finds that an order has arrived for his own detention likewise.

Many days and many nights passed away without the brothers Zuccati receiving any explanation as to their position, or any consolation in their grief or anxiety. The heat was overpowering, the plague raged in Venice, the atmosphere of the prison was infected. Francisco, lying upon a heap of broken and dusty straw, seemed almost to have lost cognizance of his sufferings; from time to time he stretched out his arm to carry to his lips a few drops of brackish water from a pewter goblet. Weakened by continued sweats, he dried his sharp-edged features with morsels of linen, which Valerio kept for him with extreme care, and washed every day, setting aside for that purpose half of his own scanty provision of water.

It was almost the only service he could render his unfortunate brother. He was in want of every thing. He had used all his habiliments to form, with some of the straw, a kind of pillow and screen, and had only a few rags left for his own clothing, where some remains of gold and embroidery might yet be seen. Valerio had in vain offered his pearls, his poinard, and his gold chain to the gaolers, to induce them to procure for Francisco some relaxation of the frightful severity of the *carcere duro*. The officers of the Inquisition were incorruptible. Notwithstanding the impossibility of assisting his brother, Valerio constantly bent over him. More robust, and too much absorbed by Francisco's sufferings to feel his own, he was constantly occupied with turning him upon his miserable couch, fanning him with the large plume of his cap, touching his burning hands, and watching his fading looks.

Francisco no longer complained that he had lost all hope.

When he rallied a moment from his sufferings, he endeavoured to smile upon his brother, to say something affectionate to him, and then sunk again into an alarming stupor."

The Zuccati at last learn that they have been accused by the Bianchini of a misapplication of the funds of the republic. A committee of painters is appointed to investigate the charge, and the Zuccati are honourably acquitted.

For a long time, however, their prospects seemed utterly destroyed; no new works were ordered by the Senate, and even the salary for their last year's labour was yet unpaid; in addition to which, Francisco's health, always delicate, had received a severe shock from the sufferings he had undergone.

Happily Tintoretto still watched over and found means to assist his unfortunate friends. Owing to his solicitations, the Senate at last resolved upon



some new works, and, with a view of ascertaining the merits of the various candidates for their superintendence, desired all the competitors to prepare, by a certain day, a mosaic picture of St. Jerome. For some time even this failed to raise the hopes of the Zuccati, but one day Valerio met Tintoretto, who, by working on his pride, at last succeeded in rousing his dormant energy.

"Valerio upset every thing on returning to his studio. He walked with energy, spoke loudly, hummed the chorus of a drinking song in rather a gloomy tone, said harsh things in a tender manner, broke his tools, ridiculed his pupils, and, approaching his brother's couch, he embraced him passionately, saying, with an air half crazy, half inspired, 'Be easy, Checo, you will soon be well; you shall have the first prize; we will produce a *chef d'œuvre* at the competition; come, come, nothing is lost—the Muse has not yet flown back to her native heaven.'

"Francisco looked at him astonished.

"'What is the matter with you?' said he; 'you speak strangely; what has happened? Have you quarrelled with any one? Have you met the Bianchini?'

"'Explain yourself, master,—tell us what has passed,' added Marini. 'If I may believe some reports I could not help hearing this morning, Bozza's picture is already far advanced, and, it is said, will prove a *chef d'œuvre*. This is what torments you, master; but, reassure yourself our efforts—'

"'Torment myself!' cried Valerio; 'and how long, pray, have I been accustomed to torment myself when one of my pupils distinguished himself? At what period of my life have you ever seen me disquieted or afflicted by the success or triumph of an artist? Really, I am envious! I!—is it so?'

"'Wherefore this sensitiveness, my good master?' said Ceato; 'which of us ever had such an idea? But tell us, we beg you, whether it be true that Bozza has outlined an admirable composition?'

"'Undoubtedly,' said Valerio, smiling, and suddenly resuming his ordinary gaiety and gentleness; 'he ought to be able to do it, for I have given him sufficiently good rules.'

"'Well, what makes you all look so mournful? What is the matter now? One would think you were so many willows drooping over a dried-up fountain! Let me see, what can be the matter? Has Mina forgotten the dinner? Has the Procurator Cashier dictated a new barbarism? Come, my children, to work; there is not a day to be lost—nay, not even an hour; quick—quick! the tools, the enamels, the boxes, and let every one surpass himself, for Bozza is doing great things, and we must do greater still.'

The tale concludes with the success of the Zuccati, who enter upon their new labours amid the congratulations of their friends.

## LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

## WILL OF THE LATE THOMAS CAMPBELL.

We have been favoured with a copy of the will of this distinguished poet, which we subjoin. The personal property, we understand, has been sworn under 2,000*l.* and will probably not realize more than 1,500*l.*

"THIS IS THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT of me, Thomas Campbell, LL.D. now resident at No. 8, Victoria-square, in the county of Middlesex.

"Whereas, under and by virtue of the will of Archibald Macarthur Stewart, late of Ascog, deceased, my only son, Thomas Telford Campbell, will, upon my decease, be entitled to a certain sum of money, which I deem a competent provision for him: I do not, therefore, intend to make any provision for him by this my will.

"I give and bequeath the silver bowl, presented to me by the students of Glasgow when I was Rector of that University, and the copy of the portrait of her Majesty Queen Victoria, which was sent to me by the Queen herself (and which two articles I reckon the jewels of my property), and also all and every my manuscripts and copyrights of my compositions, whether in prose or verse, and the vignettes which have illustrated my poems, and also all and every my books, prints, pictures, furniture, plate, money, personal estate and effects, whatsoever and wheresoever, whereof I may die possessed, after and subject to the payment of my just debts, funeral and testamentary expenses, which I do direct to be paid as soon as conveniently may be after my decease, unto my niece, Mary Campbell, the daughter of my deceased brother, Alexander Campbell, late of Glasgow, for her own sole and separate use and benefit.

"And I do hereby appoint my stanch and inestimable friend, Dr. William Beattie, of No. 6, Park-square, Regent's-park, in the said county of Middlesex, and William Moxon, of the Middle Temple, esquire, to be executors of this my will, and also to act as guardians to my said son; and I revoke all former and other wills and testamentary dispositions by me at any time heretofore made, and declare this only to be my last will and testament. In wit-

ness whereof I have hereunto set my hand, the seventh day of November, 1842.

"THOMAS CAMPBELL.  
Signed, published, and declared by the testator, Thomas Campbell, as and for his last will and testament, in the presence of us, present at the same time, who in his presence and at his request have subscribed our names as witnesses.

"EDWARD CLIFFORD, 9, Ranelagh-grove, Pimlico.

"HENRY MOXON, 67, Ebury-street, Eaton-square."

THE LATE THOMAS CAMPBELL.—After the ceremony of Thomas Campbell's funeral, at Westminster Abbey, on the 3rd instant, a meeting was held at the Polish Association, 10, Duke-street, St. James's, at which a portrait of the departed poet was presented by Colonel Szyrma, from his countrymen, to the association, of which, as is well known, Campbell was the first president and its founder, in 1832. On this occasion speeches were delivered by Lord Dudley Stuart, Colonel Szyrma, and Count Krasinski, commemorative of the many and signal services Campbell had rendered to the cause of Poland, of which since his earliest youth he was one of the warmest and most persevering advocates.

CHARLES DICKENS, ESQ.—On the 3rd instant, a dinner was given to this popular author by a party of admiring friends at Greenwich, to wish him God speed in his visit to Italy for some twelve months. Between forty and fifty sat down to the entertainment; and it was truly the feast of reason and the flow of soul. The Marquis of Normanby presided, and the table was surrounded almost entirely by individuals of rank in society, or distinguished in connection with literature and art. Many animated and feeling speeches were delivered, suitable to the occasion and the guests; and the company separated at a late hour with hearty wishes to meet again to commemorate the safe return of their much-valued friend, laden with stores from "pastures new," wherewith to delight and improve the age in which he lives.—*Literary Gazette.*

## MUSIC.

## MR. C. S. HORN'S CONCERT.

The great experiment, of which the last CRITIC contained the announcement, proved triumphantly successful. Mr. HORN accomplished the difficult task he had undertaken, not merely to the satisfaction of a crowded company, but to his certain exaltation to a place among the living composers of Great Britain second only to Bishop, if second to any. The design was, as our readers have been already informed, to commence a series of "musical illustrations of Shakspeare." This first attempt was made with *The Seven Ages*, each age being the theme of a song, Mr. SOANE contributing some very tasteful verses, and Mr. HORN supplying the music; and the variety and originality of the compositions prove the composer to be beyond dispute the first melodist of his age. *The Cradle Song*, supposed to be an address from a mother to her infant, was a sweet, soothing strain, deliciously sung by Mrs. HORN. The schoolboy's light, joyous feelings were expressed in a song which Master MacDermot sung sweetly, but without sufficient animation and glee. *The Lover*, sung by Mr. C. Horn, jun. pleased us the most, as a composition of a higher class, and it was deservedly encored. Mr. Handel Gear sang *The Soldier* with admirable effect. Mr. Ransford undertook *The Justice*, and produced an encore, not only by the merits of the song, but by his characteristic manner of singing it. *The old, old Man*, was a fine melody in four parts, melancholy, but most musical; and this novel and interesting work was concluded with a Chorus of Shadows, a noble and beautiful hymn.

The second part consisted of a selection from compositions by Mr. HORN, as yet new to the English public. In these he had the further aid of the Misses Williams, Mrs. Severn, and Mr. Machin. Some of the airs were taken from an unpublished oratorio, entitled *Satan*, and proved the composer's capabilities in the highest walks of music. We should much like to hear the whole of this great work. A fine rich glee for five voices, *What maketh Music?* went off admirably, as did the song of *The Fairy's Flight*, which has been already reviewed in THE CRITIC. There was a cordial and unanimous burst of applause at the conclusion of the evening's performances.

Mr. HORN is a genuine English composer, and hence his popularity. He has studiously shunned the mania of the day for foreign styles and bravura

screechings. He has bravely trusted to the native power of his art to sustain itself against the tide of fashionable folly. He now sees the tide turning, and his countryfolk coming back to nature; and we trust he will reap the reward of his perseverance in the proper path. It must be to him ever a pleasant reflection, that in home circles his beautiful melodies have kept their place, even though for a time the drawing-room was abandoned to the operatic strains of the foreigner. He has never wanted an audience wherever nature was acknowledged; and we hail his return among us as an omen of the revival of a better taste, which will in no way be so encouraged and promoted as by the compositions of Mr. Horn, without which no portfolio should be deemed complete; and, once there, they will be sure to be in more frequent requisition than any other of its contents.

## LA POLKA.

It is in vain for THE CRITIC to attempt to combat his reluctance to approach this all-absorbing topic. Like the rest of the world, he must suffer himself to be drawn into the vortex. Let him, therefore, nib his pen (yes, we adhere still to the good grey goose!), and enter at once into an examen of the fascinations of LA POLKA. For some years past, human nature (or, at least, the dancing portion of it) has languished for that which is as essential to the existence of fashionable life as the liberty of the press to political,—*novelty*, to wit. A few revolutionary attempts have been made from time to time upon the autarchy of the quadrille dynasty, and its gyratory alternative, the waltz; but with small success, or rather absolute failure. These *attentats*, among which ranked the mazurka (the spasmodic accents of which suggest its aptitude to the inmates of Chelsea and Greenwich Hospitals, rather than to the *iscoscelous* frequenters of the ball-room), and the hoydenish *galop*. The avidity with which each of these, with their modifications and adaptations, was sought after, gave evidence of that deeply-sented craving which was destined to find its satiation in *La Polka*.

It is not intended to imitate the eloquence of the French in their homage to this fascinating novelty. We must leave to them, so deeply imbued with that classic taste which pours forth its burning accents of *éloge* on the tombs of singers, dancers, painters, doctors, politicians, and regicides (in *posse* or *esse*, as the case may be), the heralding of the *Polka*. We submit to our readers the last *authentic* account of its origin. It did not spring in the maturity of its graces and beauty from the warm brain of a *maître de danse*; it is not the child of the *coulisses*; it is not, at least in its primitive state, the offspring of cultivation. What, then, is it? Simply, a Bohemian and Polish dance combined, *par l'exigence*, as danced by some soldiers and peasants before the apprehensive eyes of M. Raab in that city, the battle for which has been immortalized by the fingers of our national pianists. To M. Raab, then, belong the honours of the introduction of *La Polka*. But, as Juvenal says—

"Haud facile emergunt quorum virtutibus obstat  
Res angusta domi"—

the narrow sphere of M. Raab's action for a long time precluded the spread of those sound Polka principles which now Paris and all civilized Europe hasten to recognize. The cloud of pretenders has vanished before the approach of this Viennese Chorus; and men cry in the streets of Paris, "There is but one Polka, and Raab is its prophet!" So much for its origin. Now for the grounds of its influence upon society. We have clearly established the fact of the existence of an antecedent want, a *manquement* in the regions of dance. But how was this to be supplied? Would limbs grown old (your pardon, gentle sir or madam, for the hypothesis) in the service of quadrille betake themselves to school again to learn the Polka? Nay, but they must; and more also, they did. We have heard whispers of large fees from ex-chancellors, and handsome douceurs from grave divines for private initiation into the mysteries of Polkaism. A certain versatile noble, learned in—every thing—is said to have exhibited great facility in acquiring that *pas* in which the cavalier throws his partner over from one side to the other, in a sort of *handy-dandy* manner. In the meantime, the Polka has extinguished the Corn-Law League, and given its name to a very coquettish article of female attire; it has *chassé* Puseyism, and raised the price of satin shoes and *bottes à la*

*danse*; it has put life into the heels and toes of the listless, and money into the pockets of dancing-masters, composers, music-sellers, &c. &c. &c. Therefore, say we, "VIVE LA POLKA!" in all its sprightliness and innocent gaiety.

We have lying on our table a dense mass of Polkas. Among the authors' names we find that of the versatile Jullien, one of whose is good; the other is the worst edition of the most popular Polka: also the names of Labitsky, Strauss, Woolf, Redler, Orlandorp, and some score or two more. The most complete collection of national Polkas seems to be that published by Lonsdale, to which Mrs. Rae, *Polkaiste de première force* among the aristocracy, has granted her *brevet*. We have not space to go into the merits of these compositions at present. We advise our readers to select from all; and by no means to buy because any *particular name* is appended to a Polka. A rule which may be applied with advantage in many other cases.

#### MUSICAL CHIT-CHAT.

**THE PRIZE GLEES.**—The King of Hanover having offered a premium of thirty guineas for the best glee, and twenty guineas for the second best, the adjudication took place on Tuesday, at a meeting of the Catch Club, when Mr. T. Cooke and Mr. J. B. Sale were the successful candidates, of whom there were five. The glees were sung by Messrs. Hawkins, Hobbs, Bennet, and Chapman. The Duke of Cambridge, Duke of Beaufort, Lord Saltoun, Lord Wrottesley, &c. were present.

#### ART.

##### Summary.

THE only prominent event, as regards the Fine Arts, which has occurred since our last report, has been the opening of the exhibition of frescoes, cartoons, and sculpture, under the Royal Commission; a notice of which will be found subjoined. The question respecting *Art-Unions* yet remains undecided; we have, however, been informed, on good authority, that a Bill of indemnification will be shortly brought before the House of Commons, so that, prior to the close of the Academy Exhibition, the committees may proceed to the award of prizes, and the question will probably be then allowed to stand over to the next session of Parliament. A brief notice of the attractive panorama recently opened by Mr. Burford will be found below.

#### EXHIBITION OF

##### FRESCOES, CARTOONS, AND SCULPTURE, WESTMINSTER-HALL.

This exhibition, under sanction of the Royal Commission of Fine Arts, was opened to the public on Monday, the 1st instant. The catalogue numbers one hundred and eighty-three works of art; of these, eighty-four are in fresco, encaustic, or cartoons, and the remainder consists of sculpture. As this is the first public exhibition in England of frescoes, and a decided call being just now made for the cultivation of this branch of the imitative arts, a feeling of unusual interest has been manifested by most parties conversant with painting, as to our artists' success in a style to which they have hitherto been unaccustomed. The question here naturally arises, Have they succeeded? Notwithstanding the sneers and ridicule with which from many quarters they have been assailed, we unhesitatingly answer, "To a great extent they have." The critics who test this art by their notions of oil-painting, as most would seem to have done, may be permitted to rail. It is true that many of our artists have proceeded on a wrong principle in the execution of their works, by attempting to get transparent depth in the shadows with a vehicle which is incapable of it, and have thus failed; but experience will not be lost on them, and, despite of short-comings and mistakes now, we do not despair to see the British school as successful in this style as the best of their continental rivals. A few of our artists, it is due to them to say, have rightly apprehended the peculiarities of their vehicle, overcome the difficulties, and produced works of no common merit and beauty.

As will be seen by the numbers above stated, there is a preponderance of sculpture over the other works. We wish we could congratulate the artists

generally on the character of this department of the exhibition; but we cannot justly do so. There are not many works above mediocrity,—fewer still that are excellent. However, we are happy to welcome one or two productions by parties hitherto unknown to the public, which, from the talent displayed in them, give promise of future distinction to the sculptors. The license in rule the third, regulating this exhibition, which permits specimens executed within five years to be admitted, has been to a considerable extent availed of, consequently we see many works in plaster with which we had a previous acquaintance in a nobler material.

The appearance of the hall, with its magnificent roof, the frescoes and cartoons arranged along its sides, and the sculpture placed in the middle, is imposing and pleasing in a high degree. The attendance has been good: we were informed that on Tuesday upwards of a thousand persons visited the exhibition;—a strong proof of the interest it has excited. At this rate, as there are yet several days to pass before the gratuitous admission commences, a large sum must accumulate, which we hope to hear will be judiciously distributed among the exhibitors.

We proceed to a notice of the works, regretting that the limited time we are enabled to devote to this task prohibits our doing that justice to their merits which they deserve.

No. 4. *The Accusation of Susanna*. ROBINSON ELLIOT.—Nothing can well be poorer than this—the first large fresco that greets the eye on entering the hall. The composition is faulty; witness the ungraceful line formed by the woman and children on the left of the picture. The colouring is dirty, and the figures are as flat as the broad acres on a map.

No. 7. *The Body of Harold brought to William the Conqueror*. FORD MADDOX BROWN.—This is a noble cartoon. Here are no short-comings of the imagination, no weaknesses, no trivialities. In conception and execution it is alike excellent. The composition is original and masterly, and the intention of each actor is clearly expressed. In No. 8 we have the same subject in encaustic painting, which latter, without a shining surface, admits of transparency in the shadows. The colouring is mellow and harmonious. Judging by these works, we confidently predict future distinction to this meritorious artist.

No. 9. *Prayer* (Fresco—the border designed and painted by Owen Jones). J. C. HORSLEY.—More persons will look at this picture for the sake of the gorgeous frame that surrounds it, than for the work itself. Nevertheless, there is a proper sentiment in it, and the colouring, though rather weak, is clear and truthful.

No. 12. *Fair Rosamond in Woodstock Park, awaiting the arrival of Henry II.* EDWARD CORBOULD.—This is an elaborately finished fresco. Its profusion of flowers and other accessories, give it too much the air of an Annual picture, and the colouring is extremely cold.

No. 14. *The Overthrow of the Druids*. E. BUTLER MORRIS.—In this, the little that is good is borrowed from Hilton's *Sir Calpine*, the remainder no artist will envy.

No. 16. *A Roman Contadina and her Child*. AMBROSINI JEROME.—The best fresco, as regards colour, up to this number in the Exhibition.

No. 18. *Boadicea* (Fresco). HENRY WARREN.—Another instance of pictorial theft. It is clear the artist has availed himself of the powerful cartoon by Mr. Selous on this subject in last year's exhibition. The finish of this picture, if it can be said to have any, is negligent and slovenly.

No. 21. *A Scene from the Tempest*. SALTER.—This cartoon of the shipwreck exhibits a just fancy on the part of the artist. The principal figures are good, and the Caliban is quite original.

No. 25. *Council of Ancient Britons—Nucleus of the British Parliament*. WM. RIVIERE.—An oil-painting, in imitation of fresco, and therefore a total failure. The colouring is raw, and variegated to an offensive degree.

No. 28. *The Combat* (Fresco). CHARLES HANCOCK.—There is action and spirit in this composition. The grey horse is ably painted, but the background is by far too violent in colour to be agreeable.

No. 32. *Discovering the body of Harold*, E. B. MORRIS, and No. 33. *King Henry V.*, F. S. CARY.—These are among the most striking instances of failure which the Exhibition affords.

No. 38. *The Golden Age*. F. P. STEPHANOFF.

—A sketch freely dashed in, and creditable in colour.

No. 41. *Kilchurn Castle, Lock Ave.* WM. COWEN.—Airy, cool, fresh, and abounding in light.

No. 42. *A subject from Shakespeare's Richard III.* A. STEVENS.—A very clever fresco, dashed boldly in, without attention to finish. There is originality in the figures, and the whole picture abounds with character and spirit. The colour harmonizes well, and is artistically opposed.

No. 45. *Ophelia*. E. ARMITAGE.—There is a melancholy, yet befitting sentiment in this cartoon. The figure of the deranged maiden, and the expression of her countenance, are of a touching loveliness.

No. 46. *The Fates* (Encaustic painting). E. ARMITAGE.—The chief characteristics of this work are power and originality. The composition is good. The figure of Atropos is superior to the others. It was a happy thought to cast upon them the reflection from a fire unseen in the depths below. We observe one impropriety in the action—Lachesis holds both the distaff and the spindle; whereas, according to the ancient myth, she did not do so, as the painter will perceive, if he calls to mind the verse—

"Clotho colum retinet, Lachesis net, et Atropos occat."

No. 50. *Alfred submitting his Code of Laws to the Wittenagemot*. H. C. SELOUS.—A commanding boldness distinguishes this fresco. There is fine artistic government in the composition, the attitudes are original, and the drawing is good. In colour the artist has not been so successful; it is cold, and in some places heavy.

No. 51. *Loyalty: Catherine Douglas barring the door with her arm to withstand the Assassins of James I. of Scotland*. RICHARD REDGRAVE.—This, in our opinion, is one of the most successful frescoes in the Exhibition. The figure of Catherine Douglas is beautiful, but wanting in determination of purpose. The colouring, however, is most felicitous.

No. 54. *Philosophy*. W. C. THOMAS.—The chief attraction of this work is a skillful management of the light and shade. It is greatly superior to the same figure in oil, in the large picture adjoining, by the same artist.

No. 53. *The Meeting of Jacob and Rachel*. C. W. COPE.—A work that challenges an attentive examination. The sentiment which prevails throughout is natural and winning, the composition good, and the colouring rich.

No. 59. *The Building of Oxford University*. MARSHALL CLAXTON.—Here we have another superior fresco. The grouping is original, there is earnestness of purpose in the figures, and the colour is pure and forcible.

No. 60. *The parting of Sir Thomas More and his Daughter*.—After the affecting picture by Herbert, in the Academy Exhibition, this looks tame and weak; though it is evident the artist had Mr. Herbert in his mind's eye whilst executing this fresco.

No. 63. *Peace* (Fresco). JOHN CALCOTT HORSLEY.—This is, indeed, a very beautiful work. The artist appears to thoroughly understand the nature of his vehicle and what its aptitudes are; hence he has judiciously placed his figure in strong light, avoiding unnecessary shadow most scrupulously. The goddess's countenance, and the drapery which clothes her is disposed with a classic chasteness, which contributes not a little to perfect the sentiment of the composition. The drawing is unobjectionable, and the colouring truthful.

No. 69. *Puck's Mission*. H. J. TOWNSEND.—This subject has been judiciously chosen, for it affords peculiar fitnesses for fresco painting. Of these the artist has availed himself, and produced a work exhibiting fancy united with ability to embody it.

No. 73. *Bertha induces Ethelbert to receive the Mission of St. Augustine*. R. W. BUSS.—We regret to speak unfavourably of this fresco: it is painted altogether on a false principle; the drawing is vile, and the colouring hard and inharmonious.

No. 74. *The Knight*. DANIEL MACLISE.—Though not unobjectionable on the score of colour, this fresco, as it is the most ambitious, so is it, we are inclined to think, the best in the Exhibition. We say this, because the artist appears to have painted with a more confident and sure hand than any other of the competitors on these walls. His characteristic manner is strongly impressed on this



production. We have here the same masterly composition and drawing, the same profusion of superb accessories, the same intelligibility of purpose, and careful finish of parts, which distinguish his oil-pictures. The effect of this picture is powerful, and will be enduring also, with such as give to it a careful examination.

No. 75. *Justice*. JAS. H. NIXON.—A vile fresco; ill drawn and worse coloured.

No. 77. *Love*. A. EGG.—Contrasting strongly with the last-mentioned work; this is one that does the artist credit. The figures are well composed, the sentiment is becoming, and the colouring warm and pure.

## SCULPTURE.

No. 88. *St. Andrew*, and No. 89, *St. John*. LEOPOLDO BOZZONI.—These statues are executed in the true ecclesiastical style. Sanctity of character, and a present devotional intention, are in both most ably expressed.

No. 93. *St. George and the Dragon*. K. and C. MACCARTHY.—There is a world of spirit in this group. The figure of St. George is fine; his self-possession and determination are conspicuous. The weakest part is the forelegs of the horse, which are too short, and wanting in the semblance of flexibility.

No. 97. *The last Prayer of Ajax*.—JAMES LE GREW.—This is a clever work; one that does credit to a rising artist.

No. 100. *Geoffrey Chaucer*.—Of all the statues of the father of English poetry in the exhibition, and there are many, this, we opine, is the best. The expression of the head is intellectual and thoughtful; and the broad garment that drapes the figure is most skilfully disposed.

No. 106. *The Archer, or Eagle-slayer*. J. BELL.—Of the statuary here collected, this unquestionably is the gem. It is conceived in a pure and happy taste. The posture of the shepherd is, under the circumstances, critically correct, and the action, which is that of energy suspended, whilst he watches the success of the shaft, is naturally conveyed.

No. 131. *Cardinal Wolsey*. THOMAS GRIMSLIFF.—This statue deserves praise. There is a quiet thoughtfulness in the head, and a repose about the figure, that are remarkable.

No. 133. *Milton reciting to his Daughters*. J. LE GREW.—A masterly group, to which has justly been assigned a central and favourable position. The head of the poet has a spiritual character; its expression is that of pensive meditation. There is not a little, too, of feminine grace and beauty in the daughters who affectionately support him.

No. 152. *Venus appeasing the Anger of Vulcan*.—This is a sweet group. The figures are equally admirable, the sentiment and expression perfect. The ancients figured Vulcan lame; here he is not so represented; and, though at the sacrifice of classical propriety, we approve of the artist's judgment in rejecting deformity from a group of this kind.

## THE NEW PANORAMA.

Of the several beautiful panoramas which Mr. Burford has of late years produced, one of the most interesting in our eyes is the view of the Ruins of Baalbec now exhibiting in Leicester-square.

Pictures of foreign cities and towns now rising into importance, or having already attained it, rely for their effect mainly on the impressions they convey to the spectator of the arts, customs, opulence, and outward character of existing people—they prate only of the present; while those of places desolate and in decay, by the absence of the stir and bustle of life, touch the heart more closely by shewing to us what was the magnificence of ages past, and by the destiny which has befallen them, suggesting that which yet awaits the most enduring works of man.

In this panorama the view is taken as near by as possible from the centre of the ruins; and embraces the magnificent columns belonging to the peristyle of the great Temple of the Sun, and all the features of engrossing interest that the place affords. In the distance, towering high above the ruins, lies on one side the snowy peak of Mount Lebanon, and on the other, the lofty range called Anti-Libanus. With a proper forbearance, few figures have been introduced, and those unobtrusive.

As a work of art, this picture does high credit to Messrs. Burford and Selous. The colouring is remarkable for force and clearness, and the general

management is skilful. The detail of the ruins (though an immense labour) we have been assured is copied with the most scrupulous attention to exactitude, from the drawings made with the *Camera Lucida* on the spot; therefore every line must stand as it exists in the decaying masses here represented.

Considered in no better light than as a mere picturesque composition, this Panorama will well repay a visit, but the historical associations connected with the ruins (for Baalbec was a flourishing city so long back as the time of King Solomon, and Apollo had an oracle here in the days of the Greeks and Romans) will give it a higher value in the estimation of the intellectual and learned. We conclude by strongly recommending a visit to this Panorama to the earnest readers of THE CRITIC.

## CHIT-CHAT ON ART.

PICTURES FOR THE NATIONAL GALLERY.—The Government has for some time had it in contemplation to purchase some sterling works of the old masters for the National Gallery, and, acting under the advice of an eminent artist, the opportunity was afforded on Saturday, when a sale of some choice pictures took place at the rooms of Messrs. Christie and Manson. The first picture selected for the National Gallery was *Lot and his Daughters leaving Sodom*, by Guido, for which the sum of 1,600 guineas was paid. When the announcement was made that it was bought by the Government, there was a very general expression of applause in the rooms. The companion picture, *Susannah and the Elders*, fetched 900 guineas. An *Interior* by Ostade, was bought for 1,310 guineas, and those present marked their appreciation of the liberality of the purchase, by giving a round of applause. The *Woman taken in Adultery*, generally understood to be by Titian; but which Mr. Christie candidly stated was doubted by some connoisseurs, realized 600 guineas. The other splendid picture bought on account of the Government, was the *Judgment of Paris*, by Rubens; for this 4,000 guineas was paid. The ardour of the artists again burst forth at the completion of the purchase, which will be a valuable addition and ornament to the National Gallery. Among other pictures disposed of at this sale, may be mentioned a fine specimen by Bassano, of the *Israelites Drawing Water*. This picture was in possession of Rembrandt at the time of his death. The price it fetched was 70 guineas. The companion picture, fuller in subject, but not so brilliant as to colour, realized 90 guineas. The next was from the pencil of Coello, the subject is the *Virgin nursing the Infant*, which brought 205 guineas. Two beautiful pictures of Van Os fetched 360 guineas. A small Titian 200 guineas. A Wouvermans, in his enamelled manner, but much out of condition, 620 guineas. *Le Lendemain des Noces*, the background a delightful clear landscape, and the foreground full of figures dancing, 500 guineas. An Italian landscape by Gaspar Poussin, 380 guineas. A charming picture by Claude, 750 guineas. There is also to notice another, last not least, *Pair of Impair*, Teniers, which realized 850 guineas. The two pictures, purchased on the part of Government for the National Gallery, will be placed there without delay, and they will no doubt excite much attention, not only from artists, but on the part of the public generally. We have not heard who were the purchasers of the other pictures we have mentioned.

Some bas-reliefs of the halls of the ancestors of Mæris have just arrived in Paris, from Egypt, having been sent to the Royal Library from that country by a French traveller. They present about sixty portraits of the Pharaohs in dynastic order.

## THE DRAMA.

## HAYMARKET THEATRE.

*Quid Pro Quo*; or, *The Day of Dupes*. The Prize Comedy. London, 1844.

We would fain speak well of this production—we admire Mrs. GORE's talents—we have derived much amusement from her writings—we were delighted when we heard the prize had been awarded to her comedy—we wish her well on all accounts, but truth and our critical office compel us to pronounce *Quid Pro Quo* an ill-considered and jejune production. The authoress may exclaim with the knife-grinder, "Story! Lord bless you! I've none, Sir!" Never were five common-place acts strung upon so slender a thread: the interest is next to nothing. There is not even an attempt at original character: the least that might have been expected in *la crème de la crème* of the one hundred and one dramas submitted to the decision of the committee. We feel this disappointment the more since we were

authorized to look for something sterling from the writer of *The School for Coquettes*—a piece superior in all respects to the prize comedy. We by no means impugn the judgment or impartiality of the committee. No doubt nine-tenths of the pieces sent in for their inspection were sad trash; and, as it is generally understood that no dramatist of any reputation contended for the prize, we can readily imagine that Mrs. Gore's comedy promised most likely to succeed among the few pieces that possessed any merit.

There are a few smart things in *Mordent's* part:—

"Mor. Hunsdon is miserably out at elbows, and fancies that decay in families, as in teeth, may be stopped by gold."

"Earl. But surely you might amuse even your friends with private theatricals?"

"Mor. By forcing them into ecstasies at seeing vilely performed what, when admirably acted in public, they will not condescend to witness."

"Mor. I never yet saw a ruined nobleman that had not been blest with the best agent in the world!—like an oak, drained of its sap by the specious mistletoe flourishing on its withered branches."

The printing is very slovenly. *Sippet* appears to have gone originally by another name. *Med.* is in several instances prefixed to his speeches.

## NECROLOGY.

## FUNERAL OF THE LATE T. CAMPBELL.

The funeral of this eminent poet took place a few days since. The remains of the deceased were brought on Saturday from the house of Mr. Ives, the undertaker in Holborn, and placed in a small apartment near the Jerusalem Chamber, whence they were to be taken to their last home in Poets'-corner.

Those who were invited to attend the funeral assembled shortly after eleven o'clock in the Jerusalem Chamber, which, it may be as well to state, is situated near the western end of the south aisle of the Abbey. The room was nearly filled with the friends and admirers of the poet, consisting of noblemen, members of Parliament, and literary men, who were admitted through the entrance from Dean's-yard to the cloisters, on shewing their letters of invitation. The public were admitted into the Abbey at the entrance at Poets'-corner, and took their stations behind the spiked railings used for keeping the body of the church clear. There were many persons, however, in the recesses called, we believe, "Nunneries," which surround Poets'-corner, and from that elevation they commanded an excellent view of the funeral ceremony. It had been expected that the great western gates would be opened, and the funeral enter the cathedral through them, and proceed up the nave, as was the case at the funeral of Mr. Canning. The precedent of that ceremonial was not, however, followed, and in consequence a good deal of dissatisfaction was expressed by a large assemblage of persons who were waiting on the outside of the western gates, and who were obliged to hurry round at full speed to get in at Poets'-corner, after the procession had begun to move from the Jerusalem Chamber, to be in time to see and hear the interment and the service of the church.

It was nearly twelve o'clock when the procession left the room in which the coffin had been placed, and the gentlemen in the Jerusalem Chamber fell into order, and followed; and here some little confusion occurred by a large party who were in the Jerusalem Chamber not being immediately aware that the coffin was already on its way to the grave. The procession having formed, passed through a door opening from the rooms adjoining the Jerusalem Chamber into the south aisle, and along it to Poets'-corner, which, as is generally known, is in the south transept of the abbey. The following was the order of the procession:—

The Rev. Mr. Milman, the officiating minister.

The coffin, covered with a large black pall,

supported by

The Duke of Argyll,	Lord Morpeth,
Lord Brougham,	Lord Dudley Coutts Stuart,
Lord Aberdeen,	Lord Leigh, and
Lord Campbell,	Sir Robert Peel,
Lord Strangford,	

all of whom wore scarfs and hatbands.

The Chief Mourners.

Mr. Alexander Campbell; Mr. Whiss (nephews of the deceased) in crape scarfs and hatbands.

The Executors.

Dr. Beattie and Mr. W. Moxon.

Mr. J. Richardson, Mr. W. Ayrton, the Rev. C. J. Hassells, and Mr. E. Moxon, wearing silk scarfs and hatbands; and after these the great body of the mourners, walking two-and-two.

A deputation from the Literary Association of Poland, of which the deceased poet was the founder, was also present, consisting of the Chevalier B. de Wreickinski, Colonel Teymer, Captain Kleczyński, M. Kizmean, M. Olizarowski, and Count Grabowski; one of whom carried a small portion of earth

from the grave of Kosciusko, near Cracow, which was cast into the grave of Mr. Campbell, and will mingle with the dust with which he is covered.

The coffin, pallbearers, and mourners having arrived at the grave, which is nearly in the centre of Poets'-corner, and within a few yards of the tomb of Addison, the Rev. Mr. Milman read the service in a very impressive manner. At the conclusion of the Epistle, the coffin having been lowered into the grave, the dead march in *Saul* was played by Mr. Turle, the organist of the abbey, after which the remaining portion of the service was read, and the last mournful office having been concluded, the mourners retired, some through the cloisters, and others through the doors leading to the Jerusalem Chamber, and thence to Dean's-yard.

### GLEANINGS, ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

STRANGE, IF TRUE.—However incredible it may appear, we are assured by parties who were witnesses to the fact, that during the heavy rain which fell on the 1st instant, an immense number of pebbles descended upon the Exchange flags, and some eels in Castle-street. The pebbles were all small in size, but of different colours and shapes. One was a beautiful white, and was picked up by a merchant, who valued it so highly that he refused to part with it, and took it home. The inspector on duty at the Exchange gathered a large number of the pebbles and deposited them in one of the neighbouring offices, where they have since been very generally admired. The eels were about two inches and a half in length.

—*Liverpool Courier*.  
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Among the many inscriptions of the Acropolis which have been published in the *Ephemeris* of the Archaeological Society at Athens, are three or four of peculiar historic interest—the inscription on the base of the votive statue to Minerva of health, mentioned in the *Life of Pericles*, by Plutarch and by Pliny; the catalogue of the contributions of different towns to the treasury in the Parthenon; and the description, price, and distribution of the work done in erecting the Long Walls.—*Athenæum*.

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